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AMONG THE FARMERS.

"SPEED THE PLOW."

Correspondence on practical agricultural topics is solicited. Address all communications intended for this department to HENRY D. HAMMOND, Agricultural Editor Oxford Democrat, Paris, Me.

Value of Moisture.

ONE OF THE SUBJECTS DEMANDING FARMER'S THOUGHTFUL STUDY.

The most ignorant farmer knows that a certain amount of moisture is absolutely necessary for the growing of crops, but what that amount is none of us have more than vague ideas. We all know that too much moisture will prevent the growth and maturity of most kinds of vegetation, and that too little will have as serious effects. To overcome the effects of too much moisture, the farmer practices drainage if he has studied the subject, but it is only in very recent years that the agriculturist has attempted in a scientific way to overcome the effects of a lack of moisture in the soil in any other way than the artificial method of supplying that lack by irrigation.

Now, however, the scientific agriculturist—and every agriculturist must now be a scientist—is putting to practical use the knowledge that the soil absorbs moisture very readily and retains it very tenaciously; that it can be brought up to the roots of the plants by the proper methods of cultivation and that it can be kept from evaporation by the proper treatment of the surface of the soil.

Observation first made it known to the farmer that continued shallow cultivation in the time of a drouth would keep a crop green and growing when other fields without it would dry up and refuse to produce anything. This resulted in the experiments and investigation which demonstrated the practical moisture conserving possibilities of the dirt mulch, for that is just what shallow cultivation makes. This mulch, acting as any other kind of a mulch would, will keep the moisture in the soil from escaping and divert it to the roots of the growing crops.

The practical value and the actual results of this kind of cultivation have often been seen in fields of growing crops located on adjoining farms. In the one field the thorough going farmer has given continued and thorough cultivation throughout the dry summer. He has not put away his cultivators and hoes simply because the weeds have been cut down and the dry weather does not encourage them to grow again. He recognizes the fact that conditions which are discouraging to the growth of weeds must be still more discouraging to the growth of the vegetable or grain crop from which he desires results, and he continues to encourage the soil to do its best, for he knows there is a large amount of common sense behind the old joke about tickling the ground with a hoe. The result is that his ground continues to smile with the green promise of a harvest when his neighbor's ground shows only the parched and somber features of a pessimist.

This particular theory of farming is no longer simply a theory. Every progressive farmer who has made any study of the question knows that treatment of the sort will give results, and it is the secret—an open secret—of the large crops which we a few years ago would have called phenomenal. After all, they are still phenomenal, perhaps, for it is only a small minority even in these days who are growing anything like the amount of crops which the land is able to bear, and to bear easily.

The problem of the conservation of moisture is not really a problem; it is in these days almost an exact science, the practice of which will, should and does bring with a great deal of certainty the results aimed at, and the principles of which may be known and applied.—Maine Farmer.

Poor Pig Luck.

I was talking with a man not long ago who had raised hogs for years, and he complained that his sows rarely have full litters of fair-sized, fully developed pigs, some being only partly grown and others stillborn. He is a good corn grower, his farm being fertile, and in the course of the conversation he said if he could raise the hogs to eat his corn he would be well satisfied, but luck was against him.

Now, I have made a good many mistakes at one time and another in farming as well as other ventures, but I never blamed my "luck"; at least not until I had studied out whether I had any part in the failure myself through want of knowledge, lack of attention or other equally important factor, so naturally I began to inquire what was the cause my friend assigned for his misfortune. His sows were mature ones, of good breed and breeding—Poland Chinas. His sire was unrelated, but the breed and the relationship, or want of it, cut no figure in results, as these were practically the same year after year. He had tried getting breeding stock of Durocs also, and yet results were no more satisfactory. This man is not the only one with this kind of trouble, and yet many never discover that it can be prevented by proper care and feeding during the pregnancy of the sow.

LACK OF PROPER FOOD.

The sow may be in good, healthy condition at time of service and a large litter is the result and all goes well till the demands on the sow for the nourishment of the unborn young are greater than she can supply from the food she gets. The good corn raiser usually has plenty of his favorite crop, and he wants to use his hogs well, so he shovels it out to them.

Corn is not very "heavy" in protein, the very element needed to make bone, muscle, hair, etc., and as there is not enough to go round, one by one the pigs in the litter die, and in place of being able to count on an average of eight or ten pigs to each sow, four or five is "doing pretty well." At the price a good sow is worth, and counting the cost of her feed for six months (this assumes that two litters are raised each year), this number is a pretty poor return on the investment, and it would pay a big profit to study up on the feed question and supply what the sow needs.

Give her a chance to run to the stack of clover, alfalfa or cowpea hay, and she will balance her own ration if you feed her corn. If these are not at hand, supply shorts, oilmeal or tankage with the corn, and if possible give some succulent feed, like silage or roots of some kind, and give the sow freedom to move about, so that by exercise she may induce a vigorous growth of her pigs. There are many who decry artichokes, but I have found them the best ally I ever had in the hog business, as these will supply both protein and succulence; but my experience with them will have to be "another story," and I can only repeat. Give the sow a variety of feed, some of which must contain protein; let her have exercise in abundance, comfortable sleeping quarters, and keep her from other animals that might use her roughly, and last, let her have only drink which is slightly warm, and there will be no danger of dead or undeveloped pigs at farrowing time, and the troubles incident to this period will pass away.—D. C. Cornman in The Farmers' Review.

It is generally conceded in every line of business that the most successful man is the one who is able to extract at least a partial success from conditions that other men would regard as productive of dire failure, and this is particularly true of the farmer who has been the victim of unfavorable weather conditions such as have been and are still prevalent in many sections.—Colman's Rural World.

The Cost of Production.

THE FORESIGHT OF A GREAT MAN.

In 1858 we heard Abraham Lincoln deliver an address at the Wisconsin State Fair in Milwaukee. The address made a deep impression upon us at that time, but we now see that we failed to comprehend its deep and true import.

Lincoln was not a farmer, but his far seeing mind reached out and grasped then the living issue of to-day, the issue that is crowding itself upon farmers everywhere. Read the following extract from that address and note how Lincoln's mind grasped the true essence of economic farming.

"Unquestionably it will take more labor to produce fifty bushels of wheat from an acre than to produce ten bushels from that same acre; but will it take more labor to produce fifty bushels of wheat from one acre than from five? Unquestionably thorough cultivation will require more labor to the acre, but will it require more to the bushel?"

That was a center shot; it went straight to the very core of the whole farming question. Right there lies the dividing line between the old, wasteful methods of land destruction, going on yet, and the reform in ideas and practice that modern farming would bring about. Right in that brief inquiry by Abraham Lincoln, fifty-two years ago, lies the very essence of what the modern agricultural college, the modern farm paper and modern science are trying to get the farmers of this country to see.

Go back and read that great inquiry over. Let it saturate the thought and understanding. "Will it cost more to raise fifty bushels of wheat on one acre than on five?"

Will it cost more to produce 18,000 lbs. of milk from three cows than from six?

Because the past generation of farmers of this country have been blind to this great economic truth, have they destroyed the fertility of their soil, and gone to their graves "unhonored and unsung." The demon of waste, that would rather grow fifty bushels of wheat on five acres than on one, because it could be done with less outlay of brain, wouldn't take so much thinking. This malign spirit has been the presiding genius of American farming until within the last twenty years. We may say Lincoln saw this huge spectre of folly more than half a century ago. And yet there are thousands upon thousands of farmers who can not see it to-day. They are still worshipping at the shrine of this moloch of waste and destruction.—Ex.

The First Secretary of Agriculture.

In these days when the young man is so much in evidence in all branches of human activity, it is well to hark back to the beginning of things, and here is an allusion to a gentleman well known to a number of our readers, and reference to his personality is particularly pertinent at this time, as we recall that Mr. Coleman, the first Secretary of Agriculture, is the father of the accomplished wife of ex-Governor Hill of Augusta. The Boston Transcript of recent date has this very pleasing mention of Mr. Coleman and the National Department of Agriculture:

Secretary Wilson's dilemma in the Wiley case calls attention to the youth of his department. It has had only four secretaries, Norman J. Coleman, Jeremiah M. Rusk, J. Sterling Morton and James Wilson. Probably the first of these has largely dropped out of public recollection, but he has recently celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday and is still active in the interests of agriculture, editing an agricultural journal which he has conducted for sixty years, and, is, moreover, the oldest editor in the state of Missouri. Besides that, he runs a fine horse and stock-breeding farm in St. Louis county, a pecan farm in Louisiana, and a grapefruit farm in Florida.

The evolution of the department has been an interesting one. It grew out of a voluntary distribution of seeds by the Commissioner of Patents seventy-five years ago. Three years later congress made an appropriation of a thousand dollars to be taken from the patent fund "for the purpose of collecting and distributing seeds, prosecuting agricultural investigations and procuring agricultural statistics." In 1862 it was established as a separate branch of the Government under a Commissioner of Agriculture.

It was Mr. Coleman's double distinction to be the last commissioner as well as the first secretary. All of the transition he saw and a part of it he was. He was selected for the former position by President Cleveland and from thirty applicants, and at once undertook to impress it upon his chief and congress that the responsibility should be raised to the dignity of a cabinet position. How well he succeeded the result showed. He also insisted that experiment stations for the benefit of the farmers should be established in every state in the union in connection with the agricultural colleges, and he is now regarded as the father of those important features of these institutions. The department is now rated as one of the largest scientific establishments in the world, and Mr. Coleman was its first prophet.—Turf, Farm and Home.

Silos and Ensilage.

It does not pay to devote high-priced land, for long periods, to pasturage and the production of hay. The land can be put to more profitable use. In order, therefore, that dairying may continue profitable, instead of depending, as in the past, wholly upon the pasture for chief food supply of their herds, many of our farmers are turning toward the silo as affording a beneficent solution of the feed problem. It is doubly beneficent in that it not only does away with the necessity of devoting so much land to pasture, but also by making available a cheap supply of succulent and highly relished food all the year round, it deprives stall feeding of some of its objectionable features, while keeping the milk flow at a higher level.

The economic value of this method of handling feed being generally recognized, the only real obstacle to the general introduction of the silo seems to be the first cost of the structure and of the machinery for filling it. More stock can be kept and profitably fed, per acre, when ensilage is grown than by almost any other method of feeding.

The silo practically increases the producing capacity of the farm at least ten per cent, and often more. A 160-acre farm with a silo will produce as much revenue as one of 180 acres without. Therefore, the first cost of a silo—like that of a dwelling house, a barn or a team—should be considered part of the initial investment; and, if one's capital is limited, it is better to buy a farm smaller by ten per cent, rather than dispense with a silo. As compared with its producing value, the cost of constructing the silo is small. Round wooden silos cost from $1 50 to $3.00 per ton of capacity; those of stone, brick or cement from $2 to $4. It has been shown by actual experiment in Minnesota that—working co-operatively in the purchase of materials, etc.,—a number of farmers in a locality may erect on each of their farms a stave silo, of 140 to 150 tons capacity, for about $275.—Geo. P. Grout, University of Minnesota Farm.

The average farmer who keeps pigs and chickens can do no better with his dairy products than to sell the cream or butter and reserve all of the skimmilk for home feeding. In this way the product is economically marketed, and by keeping and feeding it at home the annual feed bill for these animals is materially reduced.

The horse that can walk fast, whether he be saddler, driver or draft horse, always commands a better price than the one equally as good in other respects, but a slow walker.

The DANGER TRAIL

by JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

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CHAPTER XIV.

IN THE BEDROOM CHAMBER.

FLATTENING himself closely against the black logs of the wall, Howland paused on the platform at the top of the stairs. His groping hand touched the jam of a door, and he held his breath when his fingers incautiously rattled the steel of a latch. In another moment he passed on three paces—four—along the platform, at last sinking on his knees in the snow close under the window. His eyes searched the lighted room an inch at a time. He saw a section of wall at first dimly illuminated, then a small table near the window covered with books and magazines and beside it a reclining chair buried thick under a great white bear robe. On the table, but beyond his vision, was the lamp. He drew himself a few inches more through the snow, leaning still farther ahead, until he saw the foot of a white bed. A little more and he stopped, his white face close to the window pane.

On the bed, facing him, sat Meleese. Her chin was buried in the cup of her hands, and he noticed that she was in a dressing gown and that her beautiful hair was loosed and flowing in glistening waves about her, as though she had just brushed it for the night. A movement, a slight shifting of her eyes, and she would have seen him.

He was filled with an almost mastering impulse to press his face closer, to tap on the window, to draw her eyes to him, but even as his hand rose to do the bidding of that impulse something restrained him. Slowly the girl lifted her head, and he was thrilled to find that another impulse drew him back until his ghostly face was a part of the elusive snow gloom. He watched her as she turned from him and threw back the glory of her hair until it half hid her in a mass of copper and gold. From his distance he still gazed at her, choking and undecided, while she gathered it in three heavy strands and plaited it into a shining braid.

For an instant his eyes wandered. Beyond her presence the room was empty. He saw a door and observed that it opened into another room, which in turn could be entered through the platform door behind him. With his old exactness for detail he leaped to definite conclusion. These were Meleese's apartments at the post, separated from all others, and Meleese was preparing to retire for the night. If the outer door was not locked and he entered, what danger could there be of interruption? It was late. The post was asleep. He had seen no light but that in the window through which he was staring.

The thought was scarcely born before he was at the platform door. The latch clicked gently under his fingers. Cautiously he pushed the door inward and thrust in his head and shoulders. He was in a narrow corridor. Ahead of him there shone a thin ray of light from under the door that opened into Meleese's room. Nerving himself for the last move, he went boldly to the door, knocked lightly to give some warning of his presence and entered. Meleese was gone. Then at the far end of the room he saw a curtain, undulating slightly as if from the movement of a person on the other side of it.

"Meleese!" he called softly.

White and dripping with snow, his face bloodless in the tense excitement of the moment, he stood with his arms half reaching out when the curtain was thrust aside and the girl stood before him. At first she did not recognize him in his ghostly storm covered disguise. But before the startled cry that was on her lips found utterance the fear that had blanched her face gave place to a swift sweeping flood of color. For a space there was no word between them as they stood separated by the breadth of the room. Howland with his arms held out to her in pleading silence, Meleese with her hands clutched to her bosom, her throat a-tremble with strange sobbing notes that made no more sound than the fluttering of a bird's wing.

And Howland as he came across the room to her found no words to say, none of the things that he had meant to whisper to her, but drew her to him and crushed her close to his breast, knowing that in this moment nothing could tell her more eloquently than the throbbing of his own heart, the passionate pressure of his face to her face, of his great love, which seemed to stir into life the very silence that encompassed them.

It was a silence broken after a moment by a short choking cry, the quick breathing terror of a face turned suddenly up to him robbed of its flush and quivering with a fear that still found no voice in words. He felt the girl's arms straining against him for freedom. Her eyes were filled with a staring, questioning horror, as though his presence had grown into a thing of which she was afraid. The change was tonic to him. This was what he

"MELEESE!" HE CALLED SOFTLY.

had expected—the first terror at his presence, the struggle against his will—and there surged back over him the forces he had reserved for this moment. He opened his arms, and Meleese slipped from them, her hands clutched again in the clinging drapery of her bosom.

"I have come for you, Meleese," he said as calmly as though his arrival had been expected. "Jean is my prisoner. I forced him to drive me to the old cabin up on the mountain, and he is waiting there with the dogs. We will start back tonight—now." Suddenly he sprang to her again, his voice breaking in a low pleading cry. "My God, don't you see now how I love you?" he went on, taking her white face between his two hands. "Don't you understand, Meleese? Jean and I have fought—he is bound hand and foot up there in the cabin—and I am waiting for you—for you." He pressed her face against him, her lips so close that he could feel their quavering breath. "I have come to fight for you—if you won't go," he whispered tensely. "I don't know why your people have tried to kill me, I don't know why they want to kill me, and it makes no difference to me now. I want you. I've wanted you since that first glimpse of your face through the window, since the fight on the trail, every minute, every hour, and I won't give you up as long as I'm alive. If you won't go with me—if you won't go now—tonight"— He held her closer, his voice trembling in her hair. "If you won't go—I'm going to stay with you!"

"No, no, no!" she panted, her hands clutching at his arm. "You must go back now—now"— She pushed him toward the door, and as he backed a step, looking down into her face, he saw the choking tremble of her white throat, heard again the fluttering terror in her breath. "They will kill you if they find you here," she urged. "They think you are dead—that you fell through the ice and were drowned. If you don't believe me, if you don't believe that I can never go with you, tell Jean"—

Her words seemed to choke her as she struggled to finish.

"Tell Jean what?" he questioned softly.

"Will you go then?" she cried with sobbing eagerness, as if he already understood her. "Will you go back if Jean tells you everything—everything about me—about"—

"No," he interrupted.

"If you only knew, then you would go back and never see me again. You would understand"—

"I will never understand," he interrupted again. "I say that it is you who do not understand, Meleese! I don't care what Jean would tell me. Nothing that has ever happened can make me not want you."

"If one should come and find you here"—

"There would be a fight," he said grimly. "I have come prepared to fight." He waited a moment, and in the silence the brown head in front of him dropped slowly, and he saw a tremor pass through the slender form, as if it had been torn by an instant's pain. The pallor had gone from Howland's face. The mute surrender in the bowed head, the soft sobbing notes that he heard now in the girl's breath, the confession that he read in her voiceless grief, set his heart leaping, and again he drew her close into his arms and turned her face up to his own.

"You—you told me something that wasn't true—once—back there," he whispered, "and you promised that you wouldn't do it again. Why don't you tell me everything? You believe that if I knew certain things I would never want to see you again; that I would go back into the south. You have told me that. Then, if you want me to go, why don't you reveal these things to me? If you can't do that go with me tonight. We will go anywhere—to the ends of the earth"—

He stopped at the look that had come into her face. Her eyes were turned to the window. He saw them filled with a strange terror, and involuntarily his own followed them to where the storm was beating softly against the windowpane. Close to the lighted glass was pressed a man's face. He caught a flashing glimpse of a pair of eyes staring in at them, of a thick, wild beard whitened by the snow. He knew the face. When life seemed slipping out of his throat he had looked up into it that night of the ambush on the Great North trail.

With a quick movement Howland sprang away from the girl and leveled his revolver to where the face had been. Over the shining barrel he saw only the taunting emptiness of the storm. Scarcely had the face disappeared when there came the loud shout of a man, the hoarse calling of a name and then of another and after that the quick, furious opening of the outer door.

Howland whirled, his weapon pointing to the only entrance. The girl was ahead of him, and with a warning cry he swung the muzzle of his gun upward. In a moment she had pushed the bolt that locked the room from the inside and had leaped back to him, her face white, her breath breaking in fear. She spoke no word, but with a moan of terror caught him by the arm and pulled him past the light and beyond the thick curtain that had hidden her when he had entered the room a few minutes before. They were in a second room, palely lighted by a mass of coals gleaming through the open door of a box stove and with a second window looking out into the thick night. Fiercely she dragged him to this window, her fingers biting deep into the flesh of his arm.

"You must go through this!" she cried chokingly. "Quick! Oh, my God, won't you hurry? Won't you go?"

Howland had stopped. From the blackness of the corridor there came the beat of heavy fists on the door and the rage of a thundering voice demanding admittance. From out in the night it was answered by the sharp barking of a dog and the shout of a second voice.

"Why should I go?" he asked. "I told you a few moments ago that I had come prepared to fight, Meleese. I shall stay and fight."

"Please, please go!" she sobbed, striving to pull him nearer to the window. "You can get away in the storm. The snow will cover your trail. If you stay they will kill you—kill you."

"I prefer to fight and be killed rather than to run away without you," he interrupted. "If you will go"—

She crushed herself against his breast.

"I can't go—now—this way," she urged. "But I will come to you. I promise that—I will come to you." For an instant her hands clasped his face. "Will you go if I promise you that?"

"You swear that you will follow me—that you will come down to the Wekusko? My God, are you telling me the truth, Meleese?"

"Yes, yes; I will come to you if you go now." She broke from him, and he heard her fumbling at the window. "I will come; I will come, but not to Wekusko. They will follow you there. Go back to Prince Albert—to the hotel where I looked at you through the window. I will come there—sometime—as soon as I can."

A blast of cold air swept into his face. He had thrust his revolver into its holster, and now again for an instant he held Meleese close in his arms.

"You will be my wife?" he whispered.

He felt her throbbing against him. Suddenly her arms tightened around his neck.

"Yes, if you want me then—if you want me after you know what I am. Now, go—please, please go!"

He pulled himself through the window, hanging for a last moment to the ledge.

"If you fail to come within a month I shall return," he said.

Her hands were at his face again. Once more, as on the trail at Le Pas, he felt sweet pressure of her lips.

"I will come," she whispered.

Her hands thrust him back, and he was forced to drop to the snow below. Scarcely had his feet touched when there sounded the fierce yelp of a dog close to him, and as he darted away into the smother of the storm the brute followed at his heels, barking excitedly in the manner of the mongrel curs that had found their way up from the south. Between the dog's alarm and the loud outcry of men there was barely time in which to draw a breath. From the stair platform came a rapid fusillade of rifle shots that sang through the air above Howland's head, and mingled with the fire was a hoarse voice urging on the cur that followed within a leap of his heels.

The presence of the dog filled the engineer with a fear that he had not anticipated. Not for an instant did the brute give slack to his tongue as they raced through the night. There was but one chance, and he determined to take it. Gradually he slackened his pace, drawing and cocking his revolver; then he turned suddenly to confront the yelping Nemesis behind him. Three times he fired in quick succession at a moving blot in the snow gloom, and there went up from that blot a wailing cry that he knew was caused by the deep bite of lead.

Again he plunged on, a muffled shout of defiance on his lips. For a moment he stopped to listen and stare futilely into the blackness behind him. When he turned to go on his heart stood still. A shadow had loomed out of the night half a dozen paces ahead of him, and before he could raise his revolver the shadow was lightened by a sharp flash of fire. Howland staggered back, his fingers loosening their grip on his pistol, and as he crumpled down into the snow he heard over him the hoarse voice that had urged on the dog. After that there was a space of silence, of black chaos in which he neither reasoned nor lived, and then there came to him faintly the sound of other voices. Finally all of them were lost in one—a moaning, sobbing voice that was calling his name again and again, a voice that seemed to reach to him from out of an infinity of distance and that he knew was the voice of Meleese.

The voice died away. He lived through a cycle of speechless, painless night into which finally a gleam of dawn returned. He felt as if years were passing in his efforts to move, to lift himself out of chaos. But at last he won. His eyes opened, he raised himself. His first sensation was that he was no longer in the snow and that the storm was not beating into his face. Instead there encompassed him a damp dungeon-like chill. Everywhere there was blackness—everywhere except in one spot, where a little yellow eye of fire watched him and blinked at him. At first he thought that the eye must be miles and miles away. But it came quickly nearer and still nearer until at last he knew that it was a candle burning with the silence of a death taper a yard or two beyond his feet.

CHAPTER XV.

JEAN'S STORY.

IT was the candlelight that dragged Howland quickly back into consciousness and pain. He knew that he was no longer in the snow. His fingers dug into damp earth as he made an effort to raise himself, and with that effort it seemed as though a red-hot knife had cleft him from the top of his skull to his chest. The agony of that instant's pain drew a sharp cry from him, and he clutched both hands to his head.

The fingers of Howland's right hand were sticky when he drew them away from his head, and he shivered. The tongue of flame leaping out of the night, the thunderous report, the deluge of fire that had filled his brain, all bore their meaning for him now. It had been a close call, so close that shivering chills ran up and down his spine as he struggled little by little to lift himself to his knees. His enemy's shot had grazed his head.

It seemed an interminable time before he could rise and stand on his feet and reach the candle. Slowly he felt his way along the wall until he came to a low, heavy door barred from the outside, and just beyond this door he found a narrow aperture cut through the decaying logs. It was a yard in length and barely wide enough for him to thrust through an arm. Three more of these narrow slits in his prison walls he found before he came back again to the door.

Near the table on which he replaced the candle was a stool, and he sat down. Carefully he went through his pockets. His belt and revolver were gone. He had been stripped of letters and papers. Not so much as a match had been left him by his captors.

He stopped in his search and listened. Faintly there came to him the ticking of his watch. He felt in his watch pocket. It was empty. Again he listened. This time he was sure that the sound came from his feet, and he lowered the candle until the light of it glistened on something yellow an arm's distance away. It was his watch, and close beside it lay his leather wallet. What money he had carried in the pocketbook was untouched, but his personal cards and half a dozen papers that it had contained were gone.

He looked at the time. The hour hand pointed to 4. Was it possible that he had been unconscious for more than six hours? He had left Jean on the mountain top soon after nightfall—it was not later than 9 o'clock when he had seen Meleese. Seven hours! Again he lifted his hands to his head. His hair was stiff and matted with blood. It had congealed thickly on his cheek and neck and had soaked the top of his coat. He had bled a great deal, so much that he wondered he was alive, and yet during those hours his captors had given him no assistance, had not even bound a cloth about his head.

Did they believe that the shot had killed him, that he was already dead when they flung him into the dungeon? Or was this only one other instance of the barbaric brutishness of those who so insistently sought his life? The fighting blood rose in him with returning strength. If they had left him a weapon, even the small knife they had taken from his pocket, he would still make an effort to settle a last score or two. But now he was helpless.

There was, however, a ray of hope in the possibility that they believed him dead. If they who had flung him into the dungeon believed this, then he was safe for several hours. No one would come for his body until broad day and possibly not until the following night, when a grave could be dug and he could be carried out with some secrecy. In that time, if he could escape from his prison, he would be well on his way to the Wekusko. He had no doubt that Jean was still a prisoner on the mountain top. The dogs and sledge were there and both rifles were where he had concealed them. It would be a hard race—a running fight perhaps—but he would win, and after a time Meleese would come to him, away down at the little hotel on the Saskatchewan.

He rose to his feet, his blood growing warm, his eyes shining in the candlelight. The thought of the girl as she had come to him out in the night put back into him all of his old fighting strength, all of his unconquerable hope and confidence. She had followed him when the dog yelped at his heels, as the first shots had been fired. She had knelt beside him in the snow as he lay bleeding at the feet of his enemies. He had heard her voice calling to him; had felt the thrilling touch of her arms, the terror and love of her lips as she thought him dying. She had given herself to him, and she would come to him—his lady of the snows—if he could escape.

He went to the door and shoved against it with his shoulder. It was immovable. Again he thrust his hand and arm through the first of the narrow ventilating apertures. The wood with which his fingers came in contact was rotting from moisture and age, and he found that he could tear handfuls of it. He fell to working at it with the fierce eagerness of an animal. At the rate the soft pulpy wood gave way he could win his freedom long before the earliest risers of the post were awake.

A sound stopped him—a hollow cough from out of the blackness beyond the dungeon wall. It was followed an instant later by a gleam of light, and Howland darted quickly back to the table. He heard the slipping of a bolt outside the door. The door swung open, and a shaft of light shot into the chamber. For a space Howland was blinded by it, and it was not until the bearer of the lamp had advanced halfway to the table that he recognized his visitor as Jean Croisset. The Frenchman's face was wild and haggard. His eyes gleamed red and bloodshot as he stared at the engineer.

"Mon Dieu, I had hoped to find you dead," he whispered huskily.

He reached up to hang the big oil lamp he carried to a hook in the log ceiling, and Howland sat amazed at the expression on his face. Either fear or pain had wrought deep lines.

"I had hoped to find you dead, m'seur," he repeated. "That is why I did not bind your wound and give you water when they turned you over to my care. I wanted you to bleed to death. It would have been easier—for both of us."

From under the table he drew forth a second stool and sat down opposite Howland. The two men stared at each other over the sputtering remnant of the candle. Before the engineer had recovered from his astonishment at the sudden appearance of the man whom he believed to be safely imprisoned in the old cabin Croisset's shifting eyes fell on the mass of torn wood under the aperture.

"Too late, m'seur," he said meaningly. "They are waiting up there now. It is impossible for you to escape."

"That is what I thought about you," replied Howland, forcing himself to speak coolly. "How did you manage it?"

"They came up to free me soon after they got you, m'seur. I am grateful to you for thinking of me, for if you had not told them I might have stayed there and starved like a beast in a trap."

"It was Meleese," said Howland. "I told her."

Jean dropped his head in his hands.

"I have just come from Meleese," he whispered softly. "She sends you her love, m'seur, and tells you not to give up hope. The great God, if she only knew—if she only knew what is about to happen! No one has told her. She is a prisoner in her room, and after that—after that out on the plain—when she came to you and fought like one gone mad to save you—they will not give her freedom until all is over. What time is it, m'seur?"

A clammy chill passed over Howland as he read the time.

"Half past 4."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An Endurance Test.

"Here is an account of a remarkable endurance test."

"Umph! Some couple been married for fifty years?"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1833.

The Oxford Democrat.

ISSUED TUESDAYS.

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE, AUG. 8, 1911

ATWOOD & FORBES,
Editors and Proprietors.
GEORGE M. ATWOOD. A. E. FORBES.

TERMS:—$1.50 a year if paid strictly in advance. Otherwise $2.00 a year. Single copies 4 cents

ADVERTISEMENTS:—All legal advertisements are given three consecutive insertions for $1 50 per inch in length of column. Special contracts made with local, transient and yearly advertisers.

JOB PRINTING:—New type, fast presses, electric power, experienced workmen and low prices combine to make this department of our business complete and popular.

SINGLE COPIES.

Single copies of THE DEMOCRAT are four cents each. They will be mailed on receipt of price by the publishers or for the convenience of patrons single copies of each issue have been placed on sale at the following places in the County:

South Paris, Howard's Drug Store. Shurtleff's Drug Store.
Norway, Noyes Drug Store. Stone's Drug Store.
Buckfield, Alfred Cole, Postmaster.
Paris Hill, Mrs. Harlow, Post Office.
West Paris, Samuel T. White.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Midsummer Clearance Sale of Footwear.
Z. L. Merchant & Co.
Summer Clearance Sale.
St. Rocco Celebration.
Sacrifice Sale of Seasonable Goods.
Libel for Divorce.
Desirable Stand for Sale.
Hebron Academy.
Glasses Correct.
Bald at 35.
25 per cent Discount.

Here and There.

It is noted by high newspaper authority (anti-prohibition) that prohibition is not nearly as strong in the South as it was five years ago, and that the Texas campaign was the "fag-end" of the prohibition wave. Well, with a majority against constitutional prohibition of only about six thousand in a total vote of nearly half a million, it's quite a broad fag-end.

According to the mandate of the Supreme Court, the Standard Oil Co. is about to be faithfully dissolved into its constituent corporations, of which there are about thirty-five. And how, think you, will the name be changed which you now see as the Standard Oil Co. on the carts which deliver oil to the retailers, and on other property of the trust? Will Standard Oil really be dissolved, or will it change its form and not its substance?

The paragraph given below, originating with the New York Telegram, was copied by another paper in its "funny column." But why? Certainly it contains an important truth. There is nothing more demoralizing than the idea of getting something more than has been earned which is cultivated by our growing and un-American system of "tips":

By the way, it should not escape the notice of the diner out that Gelbel, the young murderer of Mr Jackson, had been a hat and coat room boy. If one thing more than another will breed criminals it's that petty graft.

Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey declines to aid the campaign of the Anti-Saloon League in that state, saying, "It is not sound statesmanship to allow political parties to become wrecked on the rocks of prohibition," and adding that in his opinion the liquor question has no place in politics and is purely a moral and social problem. Doesn't this action of Governor Wilson come pretty near putting the liquor question into "politics"?

Some club women of the Pacific coast have started a movement to put a statue of Peace at the entrance of the Panama canal. Which will be regarded by many as appropriate, particularly if it is backed up by enough big guns.

The suggestion is made that after the wreck of the Maine has been removed, it will be easier to fill in the cofferdam which surrounds it than to remove the caissons of which it is composed, and the United States will then have a memorial island in Havana Harbor. There were two sound reasons for removing the wreck. One the more or less sentimental purpose to give "decent burial" to such remains of American seamen as should be found there, and the other that the wreck was an obstruction to navigation. Wind much larger than the wreck ever hardly be considered as less of an obstruction.

[illegible] real daughter of the Revolution, at the age of 111 years, is reported as having been discovered in Georgia. She is said to be no relation to George Washington's nurse, who lived so long and of whom there were so many some decades ago.

Unlawful Selling under License.

(Testimony of liquor organs.)

It has been argued for a higher tax that it would do away with the dives. Now, everybody who has given the least thought to that subject knows to the contrary.—Wine & Spirit News, Columbus, Ohio.

High license does increase the number of unlicensed drinking places. It does not lessen the number of open saloons. It does not lessen the drinks or the curse, but really increases them. It is a whiskey devil in temperance garb.—Later statement of Mayor Hardy of Lincoln, Neb., who in 1881 devised the first "high license" system in the United States.

Why do not the police in Brooklyn discover those places doing business without license? There are restaurants, pool-rooms, grocery stores and even candy stores where drinks are ordered and paid for.—Wine & Spirit Gazette, New York.

The city of Chicago has licensed 8,135 saloons; the United States government has collected a tax from over 12,000 persons who have sworn that they are engaged in the sale of wines and liquors by retail. Is this right and just to the law abiding, heavily-taxed liquor dealer?—Champion of Fair Play, (liquor trade journal), Chicago, Ill.

Following swiftly upon the heels of the wholesale poisonings with wood alcohol in New York City comes another instance of almost equal horror. * * Four more have been added to the list of six dead and two are reported dying from effects of wood alcohol poisoning at the mouth of Beaver, Big Sandy, Kentucky, Friday night.—Barrels & Bottles, Indianapolis.

Bryan on Saloons and Prohibition.

Hon. William J. Bryan, addressing the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church at Atlantic City, N. J., May 26, 1911, said:

"From the beginning of history alcohol has been slaying its multitude; we see its horrible work about us everywhere and at all times. Every drunkard is a warning."

"The doctrine of personal liberty cannot be invoked in behalf of the individual use to the extent of making his an injury to others or destroying his ability to meet his obligations to family and society."

"A saloon is a nuisance; its influence for evil can not here be confined to the building in which it is conducted any more than can odors of a slaughter house be confined to the block in which it is located."

"Any unit, however small or large, should be permitted to rid itself of the saloon, or place restrictions upon the sale of liquor, according to the will of the majority—the larger unit controlling the smaller whenever the larger unit desires greater restrictions."

File of the Democrat.

Is there a complete file of the Oxford Democrat in existence? Is there a complete file in any one place? INQUIRER.

[The Democrat does not know of a complete file in existence. The publishers are in possession of a file from 1853 to the present time.]

THE OXFORD BEARS.

THE DOINGS OF THE WEEK IN ALL SECTIONS OF THE COUNTY.

Paris Hill.

First Baptist Church, Rev. G. W. F. Hill, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 10:45 A. M. Sunday School at 12. Sabbath evening service at 7:30. Prayer Meeting Thursday evening at 7:30. Covenant Meeting the last Friday before the 1st Sunday of the month at 2:30 P. M. All not otherwise connected are cordially invited. Universalist church, Rev. C. A. Knickerbocker, Minister. Preaching service every Sunday at 10:45 A.M

Frank H. Andrews and family of Everett, Mass., are guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Andrews, in the Partridge District.

Miss Jeannie Hubbard, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Jackson, returned to Boston last week.

The first tea at the golf links was given Saturday afternoon by Mrs. Knickerbocker and Mrs. Jackson and was an unqualified success. About fifty guests were present and a most enjoyable occasion was the general verdict. Light refreshments were served, a putting match was indulged in and won by Miss Ruth Potter for the ladies and by Mr. Knickerbocker for the men. The matter of the coming golf fair was discussed and the date decided upon as August 23d. Rev. C. A. Knickerbocker, president of the Club, was chosen chairman of the committee of arrangements and chairmen of the various sub-committees were chosen. It is the intention to hold the fair in a tent on the golf links and to have some sort of a contest in connection with it, the object being to raise funds to improve the links.

The chairmen of the various committees for the golf fair have been chosen as follows:

Grounds, Mr. Staples.
Sports, Ruth Potter.
Refreshments, Mrs. O. A. Thayer.
Conveyance, Arthur Shaw.
Fancy work, Mrs. Brooks.
Candy, Adelaide Case.
Household, Helen Cole.
"Grabs," Mary Burchfield.
Reception, Mrs. Lyon.

Charles E. Case of New York joined his family at the summer home here Saturday, and will remain for a vacation of a few weeks.

Frederick T. Case of New York arrived here Saturday. After a little time here he goes to the Adirondacks for a part of his summer vacation.

Clayton K. Brooks, of Cambridge, Mass., was with his family at their summer home over Sunday.

Henry Martyn Clarke of Boston is the guest of Dan Winslow at the Green Door.

Mrs Knickerbocker entertained a party of friends at Five Hundred on Friday afternoon.

Prof. Edwin A. Daniels of New York joined his family at their summer home in this village last week.

Percival J. Parris, Esq., of Philadelphia, is the guest of relatives here.

George Sanders of Boston is visiting his family for a few days at Loren B. Merrill's.

Mrs. Albert E. Davies of Concord, N. H., arrived at her summer home here last week.

Mrs. E. A. Stowe and Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Hammond spent several days last week with Mr. A. B. Briggs and family in Auburn. While there they made a visit to the East Auburn fish hatchery, which is in charge of John F. Stanley, a former resident of Paris Hill, who is always glad to meet his former townsmen and show them about this interesting place.

The annual meeting of the Paris Hill Library Association, for the election of officers for the ensuing year and the transaction of any other business, will be held at Hamlin Memorial Hall on Wednesday, August 9th, at 3 o'clock, and it is hoped that all members will make a special effort to be present.

Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Hill of Rockland, with their daughter Dorothy, are guests of Rev. and Mrs. G. W. F. Hill at the parsonage.

Rev. Charles Fountain of Southington, Conn., preached an excellent sermon at the Baptist church on Sunday.

On Sunday evening a temperance rally was held at the Baptist church, the speakers being Rev. C.A. Knickerbocker, Rev. G. W. F. Hill, Prof. Edwin A. Daniels and George M. Atwood. The question whether the prohibitory amendment should be retained in the constitution of Maine was discussed in a characteristic manner by each speaker and the general interest of the community was evinced by the presence of a good-sized audience.

Recent arrivals at the Hubbard House:

F. M. Drew and wife, Lewiston.
Mrs. H. Woodside, Lewiston.
Henry Martyn Clarke, Boston.
Pierce O'Connell, Boston.
Miss Lawrence, Miss Grace C. Lawrence, Winchester, Mass.
Rev. C. H. Fountain, Southington, Conn.
Samuel Mackay, New York City.
Mrs. V. H. Jordan, Mrs. Walter Fogg, Mrs. Arthur Bosworth, Portland.
Capt. F. S. Bosworth, Bath.
Dr. and Mrs. Geo. F. Libby, Denver, Col.
Mr. and Mrs. Dana O. Grover, West Paris.
Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Chaplin, Portland.
Mrs. M. S. Worcester, Dorothy E. Worcester, Bradford, Mass.

Loren B. Merrill is blasting off the top rock at Mount Mica toward the woods this summer, and will soon be down on the mineral sheet, where he expects to find gem pockets. He invites all who are interested in minerals and gems to call at the ledge and see results from blasting, or at his house on Paris Hill to see tourmaline crystals and gems taken from the mine. Glad to show them to any one whether they want to purchase or not.

Advertised letters in Paris post office Aug. 1st:

William Quirk.
Moulton Novelty Co. (two)
Stella Packard.

Greenwood.

Hearing frequently that some of our neighbors at the Center were poorly your scribe thought it meet last Tuesday to take a walk through the place so as to get the facts at first hand, since news that comes by way of gossip is not always reliable.

Our first call was at the house of Simeon Farr, and while he had gone away of an errand, his wife was at home and so failed in health since last spring as to be hardly recognized as the same person. Mrs. Farr lost all her family by her first marriage, consisting of a husband and one little girl, while Mr. Farr has one son and three daughters by his first marriage, but none by the second. He has two brothers, Charles, who lives in Portland, and Frank W., who has been in the insane asylum at Augusta more than 20 years. The father of these three men was Solomon Farr, and he was killed in the civil war; their mother is Mrs. Ransom Cole, and is the mother of four sons and three daughters by her second marriage.

Our next call was at the Centre cottage, as we will call it for want of a better name, again occupied by Prof. H. E. Smith and family. Their cook this summer is Mrs. Jason Bennett instead of a Chinese boy. Again we failed to see the head of the family, he being absent on a fishing trip to Qverset Pond, while their son was also out on Twitchell Pond in the same employment. But before leaving he came into port with a string of pickerel, which he kindly gave us, and the next morning the question was asked at the table whether it would improve the flavor of those fish, being caught by a grandson of a president.

Our last call before starting for home was on our granddaughter, Mrs. D. R. Cole, whose husband and son were away at haying, there being a large amount to cut yet, and will be until we have more favorable weather. Elmer Cole, who has been living in perpetual darkness more than three years, is stopping there at present and is truly an object of pity when we stop to think it must be so with him to the end of life.

East Waterford.

Mrs. Sylvia Kilbourne and three children of New York are at the old home for the summer.

Grace M. Warren of Oxford spent two days this week with her cousin, Lizzie E. Hall.

Albert B. Bean's little baby girl died when nine days old.

Belle McIntosh of Portland is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Martha Pride.

B. Walker McKeen spent Monday night at L. E. McIntire's. He gave a most interesting talk at Pomona at S. Waterford Tuesday.

Mrs. L. M. Sanderson has a lady from Dorchester boarding with her.

B. G. McIntire's family are at Peak's Island for a few weeks.

West Paris.

Onward Rebekah Lodge will go to Lake Auburn Tuesday for their annual picnic.

The Methodist Sunday School enjoyed a hayrack ride to Gibson's Grove Monday, where they held a picnic. They report a good time.

Mrs. Isabelle Storer and child of Yarmouth were the guests of Mrs. Dora Jackson a few days last week. Mr. Storer also spent Sunday with the family.

Sunday evening, July 30, a temperance meeting was held at the Free Baptist church. Miss Alice Barden sang a solo, an exercise by six young ladies, songs by the Young Campaigners, and readings by Miss Barden and Miss Tuell, constituted the program.

Mrs. Mary Harmon and children, Ralph and Frances, of Milford, Mass., are visiting Mrs. Harmon's parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Ellingwood.

Miss Minnie Tibbetts of Portland is the trained nurse for L. B. Swan.

Miss Laura Barden went to Lewiston Thursday.

Mrs. F. S. Briggs of Portland, Mrs. Wallace Mason and Jennie Mason of Gorham, N. H., and Clarence Mason of Iowa, have been recent guests of Mrs. Sara Curtis.

H. S. Mann, wife and child, of Norway, were recent guests at Lewis M. Mann's.

Mrs. Susie Walker and children, Ramona and Harold, of Cascades, N. H., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Curtis.

Miss Jane Pierce of New York and Mrs. J. L. Marshall and Elizabeth of Burlington, Vt., are visitors at Mrs. Elva E. Locke's.

There was a good attendance at the social dance Thursday evening given by the Happy-Go-Lucky Club.

Miss Louise Dana of Westbrook is the guest of her uncle and aunt, Luther and Mary Dana.

The Constitutional Amendment League held a meeting Tuesday evening. Remarks by Rev. L. W. Raymond and Rev. C. H. Young, readings by Mrs. George Ridlon and Mrs. C. E. Chase and congregational singing composed the evening service.

The members of the Happy-Go-Lucky Club, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Day, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Bates, George L. Jackson, C. E. Stearns, Edwin J. Mann, Miss Elinor H. Tuell and Miss Mabel Ricker, went to Camp Evergreen, Locke's Mills, where the larger part of the club will remain for about ten days. J. A. Bicknell, also Benj. R. Billings of Bryant's Pond, will be guests of the club for a few days.

Joseph H. Dunham, who has been ill for a long time, is again able to walk about the streets.

Mrs. William F. Willis and daughter Laura attended the Shurtleffs' birthday party at South Paris Thursday.

A baby came Wednesday to gladden the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Pratt of Pioneer Street.

Maynard Chase went to Norway Monday where he will be employed by the W. C. Leavitt Co.

Miss Alice Welcome and friend of Waltham, Mass., were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Dunham.

Miss Ora Field is working at Dr. Yates'.

Bryant's Pond.

There was a hearing here Thursday forenoon in the case of Susie Billings vs. Lorenzo Billings, administrator. Miss Billings brings this suit for wages against the estate of the late Washington A. Billings of North Woodstock. The hearing was before E. C. Park. McCarthy for Miss Billings. Wright for the administrator.

Mrs. George Coffin was called to Prince Edward Island this week by the illness of her mother.

A number of witnesses were called to Norway Wednesday in the trespass case of Walker vs. Coffin.

Charles R. Whitman passed away on the evening of July 28th, aged about 70 years. He had been a resident of our town some twelve years. For many years his home was in Kennebec Co. He was a veteran of the civil war. The funeral was held Monday afternoon attended by Rev. Seth Benson of Paris. Burial at South Woodstock.

A Swede by the name of Erringnat, who is walking on a wager from the Bay of Fundy to the Province of Alberta, passed through here Thursday. He has to earn his living on the way, and if he reaches Alberta at a stated time he gets $500.

Locke's Mills.

The following party spent a two weeks' vacation at Camp Echo: Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Prowell and children, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Howell, Misses Hannah and Flora Howell, Peter Howell, and S. J. Stevenson, Berlin, N. H.; Miss Jessie Stevenson, St. Johnsbury, Vt.; Miss Gertrude Heath, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Rose, Wilmington, Del. They were jolly people and we hope to meet them all again.

Mr. and Mrs. Coulombe, Miss Coulombe and Mr. Dubey of Berlin, N. H., were at "Pinehurst" last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Gunnarson and friends were in town Sunday. Mr. Gunnarson is the proprietor of the Star Bakery at Berlin, N. H.

Mrs. Hannah Coolidge and Mrs. Lola Foster visited Tuesday at the home of Arthur Noyes. In the afternoon Mr. Noyes gave them an auto ride to Norway and South Paris.

Mrs. Mary Bartlett spent several days last week in Lewiston.

Mrs. Helen Bryant was the week end guest of relatives at East Poland.

Deane Butler of Berwick has been visiting at J. C. Littlefield's.

Mrs. Ethel Hanson of Boston is the guest of Mrs. B. Wilson at Birch Haven.

The mill was shut down three days last week so the men could help search for Elsie Davis of Bethel, who left her home July 30. She was found in the woods near the "Rabbit Road" Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Moses Cummings died August 1st, after a long and painful illness. Funeral services were held at the Union church Wednesday afternoon, conducted by Rev. C. L. Baughart of Bethel.

The remains of Mrs. Helen M. Child of South Paris were brought here Tuesday and buried in the family lot.

Mrs. Ida Crooker went to Portland Wednesday to attend the funeral of Capt. Elmer Ross. Mrs. Ross is well known here, as she was before her marriage Miss Lena Young of East Bethel. Her many friends sympathize with her in her hour of sorrow.

East Sumner.

Mrs. Nellie (Webber) Ladd and her husband, Albert H. Ladd, of Roxbury, Conn., have been guests of Mrs. Lavina Osgood for a few days.

Mrs. Emogene Willey and Mrs. Jennie Coffeen of Sheridan, Wyoming, have been guests of Mrs. Ella and Tinnie Heald. They with their hostesses made a trip by auto to Shagg Pond on Thursday to the camp of A. D. Park.

A. H. Harlow and wife are on a visit to Montreal and vicinity and will be absent some four weeks.

Stephen Doten, who has been stopping in Peru for a few weeks, was in town last week.

Blueberries in pastures are more plentiful than on the mountain.

The annual meeting of the Sumner Soldiers' Veteran Association will be held at West Sumner on Wednesday, Aug. 30th. It was instituted there in 1901, so the meeting will be its tenth anniversary.

Charles Eastman and wife of Boston have been guests of W. H. Eastman for a few days. They came in an auto from Portland.

Mr. Davenport of Dun's Commercial Agency was in town on Thursday.

Mrs. C. B. Heald of Canton was in town two days last week and the guest of her sister, Mrs. S. Robinson.

Dixfield.

Jessie A. Hammon and son Elson have been visiting the family of R. S. Tracy, but have returned to North Paris.

O. O. Tracy has returned from North Paris.

News has been received of the death in a western train wreck of Harry, son of Stillman Bishop of Peru. Harry was considered a good boy when he left here for Kankakee, Ill., but it is said fell in with bad company and was stealing a ride on a freight train. He leaves a father, mother and one brother. His age was about 18 years.

D. L. Chenery has finished haying. Several others are nearly through.

The town is getting ready to put in a new steel bridge at the mineral spring.

Bethel.

Tuesday the teachers in Bethel met with the W. C. T. U. to arrange for a Young Campaigners' rally a little later in August, about the 23d.

The Ladies' Club will hold their annual mid-summer fair at Garland Chapel Aug. 10th.

Miss Dorothea Mason is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. O. M. Mason.

Tuesday Mr. Charles Cole and Mrs. Cassandra Lowe were united in marriage at the home of the bride. After a wedding tour in New Hampshire they will return to Bethel and reside on Mechanic Street.

Z. L. Merchant & Co., who have purchased the dry goods business of S. B. & Z. S. Prince at Norway, will reopen the store on Tuesday of this week. Read their announcement elsewhere.

MIDDLE INTERVALE.

Aug. 3d. This brings us our Grand Union tea representative with first-class goods. And if we ask him to bring a needed article out of his line of sale, he will kindly get it and bring it along. His horses show extra care, and so he now shows his early training, for he had one of the best of mothers, also a good father. The writer remembers them all, as in earlier years she taught the school several terms where he and his sisters and brothers were pupils; and their good scholarship and deportment we can never forget. One little sister, Lucy, almost an angel, was taken to Heaven in early life. The father and mother rest in the cemetery near the rise of our loved Androscoggin River in Lake Umbagog; and the beautiful scenery, and best of all, the good people that lived on the shore of the lake, will never be forgotten. We may forget the singer, but not the song.

Here our characters are in the formative state, and when the angel of death comes for us we go on in a higher life for which we have been preparing here. We enter the higher above, where is our Great Teacher and Friend.

We have before us a valuable letter from Judge M. N. Packard of Baltimore, Md., proving that we are all, by the name of Packard, descendants of Samuel Packard, who came over from England in the year 1638. This valuable letter we prize, as it came from a Packard, and one who has made a marked progress in life and attained to honor and integrity, which we all inherited in a measure from our brave ancestors.

The weather is all right and proves that our Great Ruler knows his business. Stop, ye growlers, and praise your Maker.

West Bethel.

"When the burning, blasting, blazes of the sun,
Are tempered by a balmy, cooling breeze,
Then the funting, frizzled fellow finds some fun
In lying in a hammock 'neath the trees.
Then he sings
While he swings,
And aside his fan he flings,
'I would rather in this manner take my ease
Than to hug a stove in winter when I freeze.'"

Dogdays with the usual accompaniment of clouds and sunshine.

Blueberries are scarce this year on mountains and plains.

Peddler J. T. Lewis of Albany was in town Thursday.

Haying on meadows is in full blast on sunshiny days.

Mrs. Mary A. Lowell visited Mrs. L. D. Grover a few days of last week.

Those having any old potatoes to spare can now sell them for one dollar per bushel.

George Mills of Worcester, Mass., is visiting his nephew, G. B. Mills, and other relatives in Bethel and Mason.

Prohibitionists are numerous this year, but when state officers are to be elected Republicans will be Republicans and Democrats will be Democrats.

Henry A. Cross of Oxford made a few old friends in this village a hurried call Sunday, coming and returning on the Berlin excursion train.

The disappearance of Miss Elsie Davis, only daughter of Charles H. Davis of Bethel village, who has been missing from her home since Sunday last, causes much excitement in this and adjoining towns, and about two hundred men have been searching for her for five days, some going from this village each day.

Hebron.

George Wing, Jr., of Auburn, was at H. K. Stearns' over Sunday.

Ashley Edwards of South Paris spent a few days recently with Drew Stearns.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Whitney returned to Boston Monday.

Rev. Mr. Sanderson, who is spending his vacation at South Paris, visited his old classmate, A. M. Richardson, last week.

W. A. Bartlett and C. H. George attended Pomona Grange at Waterford Tuesday.

Mrs. Claud Haskell and son Francis of Norway and Miss Elfie Green have been the guests of Mrs. Chas. Cummings.

Miss Alice Bumpus is spending a week in Auburn with Miss Lizzie Phillips.

The Z. L. Packard Relief Corps have their usual meeting Friday, Aug. 4th, and will entertain Mechanic Falls, Oxford, Norway, South Paris and Bethel Corps.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Hylan have a fine baby boy born Monday, July 31st.

North Paris.

Arthur Welcome of Waltham, Mass., is stopping at James Bradford's.

Miss Marion Hollis of South Paris is visiting at A. T. Hollis'.

We understand the Ben Dow place has been sold to a Finn.

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Hollis spent Aug. 2d with her mother, Mrs. Ryerson, at West Sumner.

Leon Bradford was quite badly hurt July 29th, but is doing well at this writing.

Dr. George F. Libby and wife of California are on a visit to his sister, Mrs. Dana Grover.

James Ross is helping his brother John haying.

C. E. Peterson has moved his goods to Addison where his wife is, and will make his home there for the present.

Willard Cobb is making extensive repairs on his house recently bought of Frank Gowell.

Frank Andrews of South Woodstock with his niece, Eva, visited in Portland recently.

East Bethel.

Miss Ella Farwell is the guest of friends at Rumford.

Mrs. M. Bennett and daughter, Miss Grace Bennett, of Norway, and Miss M. Packard of Litchfield have been recent guests of Mrs. Etta Bean.

Fred Cole and Chas. Swan of Washington, D. C., are here for a vacation and a trip to the lakes.

C. M. Kimball visited Portland Aug. 1st and is spending a week in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Cleve Bartlett and little daughter of South Framingham, Mass., are spending a two weeks' vacation at his old home here.

Chas. Swan and family of Locke's Mills are at their home farm here for a vacation.

Norway Lake.

Miss Janet Stephens visited at Harpswell a few days recently.

Miss Katherine Crosby of Boston, Mass., visited Miss Janet Stephens last week.

Mr. Asa Frost and son Alton went to Massachusetts Aug. 1st for a week's stay.

Ernest Murch and family of Norway are stopping at W. S. Partridge's.

Miss Ethel Emery of Cleveland, Ohio, is visiting at Dr. C. A. Stephens'.

Mason.

N. B. Bennett and family of Norway are at their camp in this place.

Mrs. Robert Cushing is visiting her nephew and nieces in Winthrop.

J. W. Lewis of Albany was through this place this week.

Green Emery is in town.

D. R. Hastings was in town Sunday by auto.

F. L. Ordway bought some lambs of E. H. Morrill recently.

H. G. Mason remains about the same.

Mrs. Hersey Fernald has returned to her home in Pittsburg, Pa.

Oxford.

The store formerly conducted by S. B. & Z. S. Prince at Norway, after being closed a few days to take stock, will be reopened by the new proprietors, Z. L. Merchant & Co., on Tuesday of this week. They have an announcement of interest in the advertising columns.

Buckfield.

Mrs. Lucy Shearman of Portland and her two children are visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Prince.

Miss Julia Gile, who has been at work at the Rangeley Lakes, returned home Saturday.

Mr. A. S. Holland has moved from the Hattie Damon house to the rent in the E. L. Gardner house on River Street.

Leonard Prince of New York is with his father, Mr. K. N. Prince.

Mr. Lewis Chase of Geneva, N. Y., has been calling on relatives and friends in this vicinity recently.

Miss Mabel Lamb has gone to Kennebunkport for a two weeks' vacation.

The reunion of the Twenty-third Regiment Association will be held here Friday, Aug. 18. Dinner will be served by the Sons of Veterans at twenty-five cents per plate. The forenoon session will be given to business and the afternoon to entertainment.

The Edwin J. Hadley moving picture show will be here two nights next week, Aug. 9 and 10.

A daughter was born to the wife of Dr. H. M. Heald Sunday morning.

H. F. Rawson went to the Rangeley Lake House to play ball Wednesday.

Mrs. Elsie Jacobs is away for a vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Pearl Jordan and child were at the home of Llewellyn Jordan over Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Jordan live in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Atwood Farrar of Easton, Mass., have been with Mr. Farrar's brother and sister here for a few days. Mr. Farrar is 78 years old and looks and acts like a man of 60 or less.

Hon. John D. Long and family have arrived at their home on North Hill for the month of August.

H. H. Hall of New York arrived Friday morning for a visit with his mother at Saints' Rest. Miss Shirley Hall has been visiting and returned with him.

The ladies of the Nezinscot History Club held a picnic at Shaw's barn on Elm Street Thursday afternoon. The ladies appeared in costume as representatives of the different nations and each gave a short sketch of the country represented. A lunch was served and all enjoyed a social time.

The funeral of Miss Catherine Mason was held from the home of H. A. Irish Friday morning at 11 o'clock. She was the daughter of Luther Whiting Mason, the famous music teacher, and was 57 years of age. She is survived by one sister, Mrs. Virginia Irish. Rev. Mr. Lamb conducted the service and the burial was in the family lot at Buckfield Cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Record are in Boston for a visit with Mrs. Record's brother, Dexter Bridgham.

Mr. and Mrs. Baker are guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Irish.

West Sumner.

Nellie, the 13-year-old daughter of Alvin Gerry, stuck a pitchfork in the sole of her foot about ten days ago. At first the wound seemed slight and no attention was paid to it. Several days ago she began to suffer intense pain in her foot. Dr. Atwood was called, who fears blood poison. To-day a slight improvement in her case is reported.

Mrs. Lottie A. Merrill of Rumford and Luther C. Howe of Brockton, Mass., spent Thursday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Howe, returning to Rumford Friday.

The Jo Patterson Company played here Saturday night to a very small audience.

Miss Edith Bradford, the central telephone girl, took a vacation last Saturday and Sunday. Miss Edith Barrett took her place while she was away. Miss Bradford went to Falmouth Foreside with Dr. and Mrs. Atwood, enjoying her trip immensely.

Tuesday evening as Mr. C. N. Ford was out riding with his daughter, Mrs. Effie Chandler, and two daughters, Clara and Una, and little son, Mr. Ford's carriage was run into by another team, and what came near being a serious accident was narrowly avoided. While driving along the meadow road Mr. Ford saw Will Crockett coming behind a runaway horse, evidently making for the side of the road where his team was. He drove his horse out into the ditch as far as he could, but the runaway's forward wheel rolled up into his carriage, striking Mr. Ford's hip and barking his leg. Mrs. Chandler and little son were thrown out. No bones were broken, but Mrs. Chandler besides being badly bruised, sustained an injury to her neck. The little boy escaped with only a few bruises.

Lovell.

On the last days of last week the little son of Fred G. Adams was taken sick and on Sunday morning was taken to Portland by automobile to be operated on for appendicitis. He stood the journey and operation well, but failed in strength and died at 11 o'clock that night. The funeral service was at Lovell Tuesday and burial at Waterford.

Miss Ella Charles of Reading, Mass., has been here a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Dr. C. P. Hubbard is visiting here.

W. S. and J. W. Fox have finished peeling the hemlock and poplar on Lot No. 40 which Freeman Andrews sold to the Diamond Match Co. They took the job to clear the lot.

Mrs. Lottie E. Decrow of Boston is visiting at J. E Emery's.

W. B. Hurd and wife, Herbert Hurd and wife and C. H. Barker and wife started Thursday on a carriage and camping trip around the mountains expecting to be gone a week or more.

About a week ago, S. L. Plummer with his family went on a trip around the mountains. When at Bemis the horses were frightened by an automobile and the occupants of the wagon jumped out. Mrs. Plummer caught her dress and fell to the ground, and both lower limbs were broken by the wheel. She was taken to the new hospital at North Conway and is there now. The family returned home Friday night. Mrs. Plummer is the operator at the central of the Independent Telephone Co. here and she will have the deepest sympathy of the patrons of the lines as well as her many friends in the community.

Hiram.

Daniel Sylvester of Hawaii called on Eli C. Wadsworth this week, and they went to Brownfield on business.

Mrs. Francis L. Watson is recovering from paralysis.

Messrs. George C. Bray, John W. Clemons and Albert G. Stearns are candidates for the position of mail carrier on R. F. D., No. 1, to succeed Charles C. Lowell, deceased.

Arthur C. Bigley of Mining College, Golden, Colorado, visited friends here last week.

Miss Bessie Noyes, teacher of natural science in Robinson Academy, Exeter, N. H., visited friends here last week. She formerly resided here.

Judge Vinton Pike of St. Joseph, Mo., is visiting his mother, also his brother, John B. Pike, Esq.

Sumner.

Mrs. Lydia Willey and daughter Edith from Cambridge, Mass., are guests of relatives in this vicinity.

Mrs. Mabel Dyer and three children of Rockland, Mass., are the guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Bisbee.

Mrs. James Gibbs and three children of Norway have been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Morrill.

Leroy Burgess, wife and daughter, visited at John Morrill's Sunday.

Denmark.

Mrs. Will Dresser met with a bad accident at the laundry Wednesday by catching her hand in the mangle. She will lose part of two fingers and the end of the thumb.

George W. Gray went to Portland Friday in his auto.

Walter Berry has purchased the cottage formerly owned by Mrs. Annie Purington.

Miss Gracie Smith is at home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Smith. She resides in California.

Experienced travellers have found great benefit by taking with them a bottle of Dr. Seth Arnold's Balsam. It cures illness caused by impure water and sudden changes in the climate. Warranted by the Chas. H. Howard Co.

A "Fit" is the first essential in a pair of glasses.—S. Richards.

Mid-Summer CLEARANCE SALE of Footwear

We find at this time that we are overstocked in many lines. For this reason we have decided to reduce stock, and make these extremely low prices, in order to do it quickly. Read this carefully and be convinced that we are offering rare bargains in all these lines of shoes.

Men's Walkover Oxfords, Patent Kid, two button,	$4.50	grade now	$3.39
Men's Admiral Oxfords, Calf,	5.00	"	2.98
Men's Commodore Oxfords, Calf,	4.00	"	2.98
Men's Fitzu Oxfords and Pat. Leather,	4.00	"	2.98
Men's Oxfords, several odd lines,	3.50	"	2.69
Men's Oxfords, Calf, button,	3.00	"	2.39
Men's Walkover and Fitzu Oxfords, Russia Calf,	4.00	"	2.98
Men's Walkover and Fitzu Oxfords, Russia Calf,	3.50	"	2.69
Men's Walkover and Fitzu Oxfords, Russia Calf,	3.00	"	2.28
Men's Russia Calf Oxfords, Rubber Soles and Heels,	3.50	"	2.75

Many other broken lines of Men's Shoes to be sold at correspondingly low prices.

The following goods will be very attractive to the ladies.

Women's Patent Kid Sorosis Boots,	$4.00	grade now	$2.98
Women's Patent Kid Sorosis Boots,	3.50	"	2.69
Women's Patent Kid Evangeline Button, 36 pairs,	3.00	"	2.39
Women's Vici Kid Evangeline Blucher, 40 pairs,	3.00	"	2.39
Women's Calf Evangeline Button, 48 pairs,	$3.00	grade now	$2.39
Women's Calf Evangeline Blucher, 60 pairs,	3.00	"	2.39
Women's Kid Evangeline Button, 36 pairs,	3.00	"	2.39
Women's Gun Metal Evangeline Button Oxfords, 50 pairs,	3.00	"	2.39
Women's Patent Pump Evangeline, 24 pairs,	3.00	"	2.39
Women's Patent Evangeline, Ooze Top Button Oxfords, 25 pairs,	3.50	"	2.69

This well-known line of shoes needs no recommendation from us. They are all right in every way. Good style and sure to please you. We make these low prices to close them out at this time because we must have the room for fall goods

Women's Patent Pump, New Century,	$2.50	grade now	$2.09
Women's Gun Metal Ties, American Beauty,	2.50	"	1.98
Women's Patent Kid Ties, American Beauty,	2.50	"	1.98
One Broken Lot of Evangeline Brown Ooze Calf Pumps,	3.00	"	1.49
Women's Swede Pumps, sizes 2 1-2 to 4 1-2,	3.00	"	2.28
Women's Gun Metal and Patent Pumps,	3.00	"	2.28

These are only a few of the bargains which we offer you. You will find many other equally good trades. Do not get the impression that all goods are marked down. We have many regular lines still held at regular prices which are always as low as the lowest.

This sale is now on and will continue till goods are sold, but they will go very quickly at these low prices. This is to be a STRICTLY CASH SALE. No credit will be given.

E. N. SWETT SHOE CO.

OPERA HOUSE BLOCK Phone 38-2 NORWAY, MAINE

Desirable Stand For Sale in South Paris.

ONE AND A HALF STORY HOUSE, suitable for either one or two rents. Nice stable 44 feet long, 30 foot addition for storage. Four to five acres of good tillage land and pasture for two cows. All in good repair and will be sold on easy terms. Inquire at
33tf SOUTH PARIS SAVINGS BANK.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, SS.

To the Honorable

SOUTH PARIS.

SOUTH PARIS POST OFFICE.
Office Hours: 7:30 A. M. to 7:30 P. M.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.
Commencing Aug. 6, 1911,

TRAINS LEAVE SOUTH PARIS

Going-down (east)—5:28 A. M., daily; 6:01 A. M., daily except Sunday; 9:49 A. M., daily. Sunday excursion trains, 7:37 A. M., 4:00 P. M.

Going up (west)—10:13 A. M., daily; 3:35 P. M., daily except Sunday; 7:12 P. M., daily; 10:01 P. M., daily. Sunday excursion trains, 10:22 A. M., 8:00 P. M.

Only five weeks to county fair.

Graydon Martin is at home from the school at Pownal.

Henry E. Howe spent a few days in a visit at East Bethel last week.

M. S. Spear of Standish was a guest at Rev. A. T. McWhorter's the first of last week.

Sumner Andrews of Lawrence, Mass., is the guest of his brother, Charles G. Andrews.

H. E. Chase of Cliftondale, Mass., formerly of Paris, was here a few days last week.

Mrs. Lyman S. Merrill entertained the Western Avenue Club at her home last Monday afternoon.

Miss Margaret A. Baker of the Wheeler Insurance office is spending a three weeks' vacation at Old Orchard.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Millett went Saturday to Old Orchard, where they will spend a two weeks' vacation.

N. D. Bolster and family are occupying a cottage at Peak's Island for two weeks, to which they went Thursday.

The factory of the Mason Manufacturing Co. is shut down this week for a vacation. It will start up again next Monday.

Judge George M. Hanson of Calais, the most recently appointed justice of the Supreme Judicial Court, will preside at the October term of court here.

Advertised letters and cards in South Paris post office August 7th:
Bernard S. Johnson (card.)
Perry Chase (card).
N. T. Littlefield (letter.)

M. L. O'Connell, with H. A. Johnson, Boston, and John F. Quinn, with the New England Gas and Coke Co., Everett, Mass., are spending their vacation at H. E. Wilson's.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter P. Maxim, Miss Flora Ritner Harlow, Sanger S. Maxim and Murray Bigelow made an automobile trip through the White Mountains Wednesday and Thursday.

Misses Adelaide and Charlotte Giles went Monday morning to Old Orchard, where they will spend two weeks, with their cousins, Mrs. Sturtevant and daughter Marion, of Waterville.

Mrs. J. D. Haynes and Miss Hattie Burnell entertained a party of lady friends at their camp in Burnell's grove Tuesday afternoon. Refreshments were served, and the time was spent socially.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Fernald left Saturday for Ellsworth, where they will spend the week. Old Home Week is observed in Ellsworth this week with quite an elaborate program, covering practically the whole week.

Mrs. Olive Shaw of Portland, Miss Geneva Winslow of Gorham, N. H., and William L. Hillier of New York City have been visiting Mr. Hillier's mother, Mrs. C. A. Hillier. The party left on the early train Saturday morning for Portland.

Contractor Scruton has taken his power drill to Snow's Falls, where he is to blast out a large amount of ledge to widen the road for the state road work which will be done there this year. The new steel bridge at Snow's Falls is also going in.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Starbird, Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Starbird of Norway, and R. W. Starbird spent a few days last week with Capt. and Mrs. Alfred A. Starbird at Four Ponds. Mrs. H. W. Starbird and daughter Glenna meanwhile visited Mrs. Lester Cowan at Rumford.

Mrs. J. J. Murphy and Miss Rose A. Murphy were called to Portland last week on account of the death of Capt. Ezer E. Ross of the coasting schooner Addie M. Lawrence, who died while at sea on the way from Portland to Norfolk, Va., and was brought to his home in Portland for burial. Mrs. Ross is a niece of Mrs. Murphy.

Mt. Mica Lodge, I. O. O. F., will celebrate its thirty-seventh anniversary this year at home instead of going anywhere. The date of the anniversary is Aug. 5, but the observance will be next Thursday evening, at Odd Fellows' Hall, at 7:30 P. M. There will be some entertainment, and refreshments will be served. Odd Fellows and their families and Rebekahs and their families are invited to attend.

Mrs. H. A. Morton entertained her Sunday School class, the primary class in the Methodist Sunday School, in a picnic at Penley's Grove Thursday, to which a number of the mothers accompanied the little ones. As the morning looked very dubious for weather, not all were out for the affair, but there were a good number, and the day was enjoyed with games, refreshments, and a general good time.

July, which has been almost or quite a record month in several respects, left us last Monday night with a number of showy showers. None of them gave us a wetting here, but they furnished some interesting fireworks. The lightning, which seemed to be largely in the clouds, would dart across the sky and sprangle out into little filaments, some of which would run clear to the edge of the clouds and even apparently off into the clear sky. The same effect was noticed in showers in other places at a considerable distance, that evening.

W. Roscoe Fletcher of Worcester, Mass., and Miss Edith H. Hatch were married on Wednesday at the home of the bride's parents in Farmington. Mr. Fletcher, who was formerly of South Paris, is now a teacher in the Worcester schools, where he has been for some years. The bride has been for a number of years teacher of the ninth grade in the South Paris schools, a position in which she has been very successful. They are spending their honeymoon at the Rangeleys, and from there will go directly to Worcester, where they will keep house.

Porto Rico letters give news of the three South Paris boys who are in positions there. Guy W. Farrar, who was at first teaching there, is now in the internal revenue department of the island government. At present he is taking the place of the chief clerk of the bureau, who is in the States, and "he seems to be holding the job down well." Two sons of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Brown, Everett D. and Grover D., are also in Porto Rico. Everett D., who has been teaching for several years, is principal of a high school. Grover D. is also in the internal revenue department, with Mr. Farrar.

As was announced in the Democrat last week, the birthday of Mrs. Nancy Whitman of this place and Sylvan Shurtleff of Portland was observed last Thursday. These two, who are the surviving members of a large family, have the same birthday, Mrs. Whitman being 85 and Mr. Shurtleff 83 on Thursday. Mr. Shurtleff, his housekeeper, Mrs. Pierce, and Miss Jennie L. Shurtleff, his niece, came from Portland on the forenoon train. Dinner was eaten at Hotel Andrews, the party including fifteen: Mrs. Whitman, Mr. Shurtleff, Mrs. Pierce, Miss Jennie L. Shurtleff, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Shurtleff and Misses Emma and Ida Shurtleff of South Paris, Mr. and Mrs. Sylvanus Bearce, son Vivian, and daughter, of Hebron, Miss Nellie L. Whitman of South Paris, and Mrs. Emma Willis and daughter of West Paris. During the day the party was photographed by E. L. Greene on Mrs. Whitman's lawn, and the anniversary was spent socially, without formality, until time for the afternoon train. Mr. Shurtleff says he intends to observe the double anniversary every year as long as they are here to do it, and the prospect is that that will be for many years yet, as both are very well preserved.

Mrs. L. J. Briggs is visiting in Portland.

George W. Frothingham of Portland was at South Paris and Norway Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter I. Gray, Dr. F. Wendell Rounds and Miss Mildred Elder were in Portland over Saturday and Sunday.

Walter White, formerly at South Paris, now employed in the general offices of the Maine Central Railroad at Portland, visited here last week while on his vacation.

S. G. Burnell has been visiting relatives in Baldwin for the past week or more, going there with his nephew, Arthur Burnell, who recently visited here.

Mrs. W. O. Frothingham and son, William L., left Saturday morning for Perry, where they will visit Mrs. Frothingham's people for the rest of the month.

Miss L. Alice Wetherell, with her nephew and niece, Master Henry Wetherell and Miss Lavinia Wetherell, started Monday morning for a two weeks' visit in Penfield, N. B.

Mrs. Benjamin Swett was visited last week by her two brothers, M. H. Andrews of Bangor and Perley Andrews of Orono with his family, and her sister, Mrs. Daniel Swett of Bethel.

Shaw's Orchestra furnished music at Emery Brothers' spring-board dance at Snow's Falls Saturday evening, Aug. 5th, and will also play for a private dance at Bryant's Pond Tuesday evening, August 8th.

Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Barnes, Miss Helen M. Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. Roy E. Cole and Edward E. Shaw went Saturday to Shagg Pond, where they will occupy A. L. Holmes' camp, Waldheim, for a week or more.

There will be a dance at Academy Hall, Paris Hill, Friday evening, Aug. 11. If stormy, Saturday evening, Aug. 12. Shaw's Orchestra will furnish music. Everybody invited to come and have a good time.

A number of members of William K. Kimball Circle, Ladies of the G. A. R., visited Z. L. Packard Relief Corps at Hebron Friday by special invitation. Guests from several other places were also present.

Z. L. Merchant & Co., who purchased the Prince dry goods store at Norway, will open it on Tuesday of this week, after a week of closing for taking stock. Their announcement in the advertising columns this week will be of interest.

Misses Florence Stiles, Lula Buswell, Lottie Wing, Sadie Swallow and Ethel Campbell were with Miss Helen Rogers at Willard Beach, South Portland, over Sunday. Miss Campbell will go from there to West Falmouth, where she will stay for two weeks.

Miss Nettie Newell entertained about twenty of her young friends last Monday evening, the occasion being her fifteenth birthday. Refreshments were served, and a pleasant evening was enjoyed. A number of birthday presents were received by the hostess from the guests and others.

Co. D, Second Regiment, N. G. S. M., went into camp on the fair grounds Saturday afternoon, and remained there until Monday morning, when camp was broken, and the company started on the express for Augusta for the annual encampment of the Second Regiment, which lasts ten days.

The family of Superintendent of Schools H. C. Knight have been visited during the past week by Mrs. Knight's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Doubleday of North Dana, Mass., who came in their automobile. Mr. Knight and family returned with them to their home Monday morning, and will spend two weeks there.

Miss Isabel C. Morton, who graduated this year from the department of design of the Art Museum School in Boston, will start Tuesday morning for Santa Barbara, Calif., where she is engaged for the next year. She will teach in a state normal school of manual training and home economics, and her department is that of applied design and crafts.

The Congregational church is closed for vacation during the month of August. Rev. Mr. McWhorter spoke Sunday morning at the Methodist church at Norway by special invitation, on the temperance issue, but does not intend to accept any other engagements for the month. He and his family will remain at South Paris, that is, they will not be away for any extended visit.

Work on the sewer has progressed so that the pipe is now laid to a point about in front of J. P. Richardson's, and High Street is opened still farther. The deepest of the work is past, but in the loose sandy material every foot of it has to be cribbed. At the place where the High Street and Pleasant Street branches join in the main line of sewer, just south of the post office crossing, a manhole will be put in, the brick and cement for which have been delivered, and work on it is in progress.

While at South Paris for the day Sunday, Willis S. Burbank of Livermore Falls died very suddenly of valvular heart trouble. He was at Mrs. James E. Cole's, and was telling those in the room of his heart trouble, for which he had been taking treatment for some time. He had just made the remark that he thought his old heart was about as good as anybody's, when with a brief gasp or two he died. He was a stable keeper at Livermore Falls, and was about 45 years of age, single. He is survived by his father and mother. The remains were taken to Livermore Falls Monday morning.

Mrs. Albert E. Dean of South Paris secured the King Kineo range, given by Hobbs' Variety store of Norway in a contest conducted in the advertising columns of the Democrat. This contest, which closed last Thursday, was under the auspices of the Hobbs store entirely, the Democrat having no part in it except to publish the advertisement. Mrs. Dean presented 6320 copies of the advertisement, which had twenty-six insertions in the Democrat. These were procured from regular readers, there being no purchase of papers in bulk to secure them. As this is an average of 243 copies of the advertisement for each issue in which it appeared, a considerable amount of industry on Mrs. Dean's part is indicated.

Two men of the sect commonly known as the Israelites, with headquarters at the House of David in Benton Harbor, Mich., spoke in the Square Friday evening. They wear long hair, falling nearly to their waists, and long beards. While their talk was rather discursive, it appears that the peculiar tenets of their belief on which they lay stress, are that the great upheaval which is to presage the millennium—the third millennium the world has seen—is now at hand, and that eternal life of the body on earth is to be granted to the elect 144,000 of Israel. Whether this eternal life of the body is to extend to others they did not make perfectly clear. They had a quantity of literature, pamphlets and papers, which they furnished to all who desired, accepting whatever money any one was pleased to render them for it. Apparently they did not accomplish very much here.

A new schedule went into effect on the Grand Trunk Sunday. The milk train was not taken off, nor is its run changed, as it still starts from West Paris in the morning, and returns there at night. But the time of every train but one at this station was changed, even if not more than one minute. On the two westbound expresses, which have been running regularly twenty minutes behind schedule, the time is changed to conform to the facts. Trains now go east at 5:28, 6:01 and 9:49 A. M., and 4:09 P. M.; west at 10:13 A. M. and 3:35, 7:12 and 10:01 P. M. At the same time the running rules, which have heretofore, with slight modifications, been those used by most American roads, are changed to the standard rules used by the Canadian Pacific road. It is understood that the road was compelled by the Canadian government to adopt these rules. This change is of no particular interest to the public, but concerns the railroad men, making changes in the whistle signals, the color of switch and semaphore lights, and various other matters.

Harry E. Maxim and family of Portland are guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Maxim.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Merriam and daughter Viola of South Acton, Mass., are guests at Philip S. Mason's.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Perron of Athol, Mass., were guests at George I. Burnham's a few days last week.

The Philathea Class of the Baptist church will meet with Mrs. Frank Turner, Thursday, Aug. 10. Teams leave church at 9 o'clock, sharp.

A. W. Walker and Miss Eva E. Walker have returned from the camp at Shagg Pond, and Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Walker will go there to spend the next few days with the family there.

Mrs. Harry L. Shaw of Brooklyn, N. Y., was the guest of Mrs. J. P. Richardson at Camp Owsley Thursday and Friday, and continued her journey home via the Songo and Portland.

Some darkey minstrels, two men and woman, picked up a little small change singing and playing on the street Saturday. They are the same ones who have been at the fair here.

There will be a meeting of the Western Maine Poultry Association at the Oxford County Creamery, South Paris, Tuesday evening, Aug. 8th, at 7:30. This is an important meeting and all members are urged to be present.

BOLSTER DISTRICT.

Ernest Talbot is passing a few weeks in Massachusetts among relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Twitchell and baby Wendell were at J. S. Brown's last Friday.

Mrs. Cora Whittemore, Mrs. H. M. Wheeler and Mrs. A. O. Wheeler were shopping in Lewiston last Thursday.

The many friends of Mrs. Hattie Witham, who is visiting in Yarmouth, will be pleased to learn that her health is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Merriam and little daughter Viola of South Acton, Mass., who are visiting relatives here, were at Mrs. A. O. Wheeler's last Friday.

H. E. Judd has moved his family from Milan, N. H., to the farm which he recently purchased of Chas. Gowell. Mr. Judd is bringing water from a spring in his pasture to his house, and making extensive improvements to his buildings.

Notwithstanding the dry weather the farm crops in this place are looking remarkably well. The hay crop is above the average. Last Friday W. K. Clifford threshed one hundred and five bushels of oats, having grown on two and one-half acres.

Young Woman Lost and Found.

STORY OF THE HUNT FOR MISS ELSIE DAVIS OF BETHEL.

BETHEL, MAINE, Aug. 5.

Sunday evening the village was thrown into a state of excitement and anxiety when it became known that Miss Elsie Davis, daughter of Charles H. Davis, was missing from her home since noon. Miss Davis has been despondent for some time and during her brother's absence at church and her father's absence in Upton, where he drove his auto-stage Saturday, she disappeared.

The bell was rung, the fire alarm sounded, and seventy-five men began a search with lanterns, and continued until nearly midnight. Her father had in the meantime been notified and came home, and it was ascertained that he did not have his revolver which disappeared that day, and the theory of suicide was started.

All day Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday the search was continued, and guards kept watch over the roads at night. The women cooked food and sent dinners to the men, and never did a community and men from the surrounding towns work more bravely.

Business was at a standstill, and as no clue could be found, a clairvoyant from Portland was consulted and new courage was taken as it was then believed that footprints that had been discovered were those of the missing girl.

Thursday a bloodhound arrived from Hartland, and it soon appeared the end of the search was near. About four o'clock Mr. F. L. Edwards and Mr. Charles Stowell found her sitting up in a tree, not far from where parts of her clothing had been found. The signal was given, and Dr. Tibbetts, who had been carried by auto as soon as the clothing was found, assisted by Dr. Twaddle, took her from the tree. She did not speak but was dazed from her long travel and want of food.

She was taken at once to her home and at present is resting comfortably under the care of Dr. Tibbetts and trained nurses. It is hoped by her many friends that she will recover rapidly.

The deepest sympathy is felt for the family and the poor girl, whose poor health had been the cause of her mental depression.

The Paris Schools.

The fall term of the Paris schools will begin Sept. 18. The list of teachers is:

High School, South Paris:—
Principal, Nelson I. Mixer, South Paris.
Assistants, Miss Susan M. Kendrick, Litchfield Corner; Miss Jeanne M. Towle, Wiscasset.
Grammar School, South Paris:—
Principal, Philip Stone, Norway.
Grades 7 and 8, Miss Alice Wetherell, South Paris.
Grade 6, Miss Marjorie Penley, South Paris.
Grade 5, Miss Florence Sanborn, Saco.
Shurtleff School:—
Grades 3 and 4, Miss Helen M. Barnes, South Paris.
Grades 1 and 2, Miss Emma E. Shurtleff, South Paris.
Porter Street—Miss Hattie M. Leach, South Paris.
Pleasant Street—Miss Rose A. Murphy, South Paris.
West Paris High School—F. Cullis Ross, Clark's Mills, Maine.
West Paris Grammar School—Mrs. F. Cullis Ross, Clark's Mills, Maine.
West Paris Intermediate—Miss Beulah Hutchinson, Hebron.
West Paris Primary—Miss Edith B. Jordan, North Bridgton.
Paris Hill—Miss Edna Luce, New Vineyard.
Hiscoe—Miss Josie Foster, South Paris.
Forbes—Miss Laura A. Willis, West Paris.
King—Miss Ruby A. Clark, South Paris.
North Paris—Miss Lucy Everett, West Paris.
Partridge—Miss Rose Clark, South Paris.
Porter—Miss Lilla B. Young, West Paris.
Snow's Falls—Miss Iona Littlehale, North Paris.
Tuell—Miss Alice O. Murch, South Casco.
Webber—Miss L. Blanche Haskell, Harrison.
Whittemore—Miss Geneva Young, South Paris.
Supervisor of Music—Miss Florence A. Gordon, Brewer.

Personal.

Charles P. Hatch, formerly of Buckfield, who was for three years or more state auditor, has tendered his resignation as vice-president and treasurer of the Merrill Trust Co. of Bangor, which position he took at the close of his term as state auditor last January. He is now to take a needed rest, and will leave soon for a stay of some months in the woods.

Hunters' Licenses.

Non-resident hunters' licenses may be procured of the following persons in Oxford County, according to the announcement of the commissioners of inland fisheries and game: Charles E. Grant, Upper Dam; W. H. Hart, Wilson's Mills; Seth W. Fife, Fryeburg; Charles H. Davis, Bethel; Capt. E. F. Coburn, Middle Dam.

St. Rocco's Day Celebration.

Marco Lavorgna, under whose auspices the annual observance of St. Rocco's Day is held at the Canton fair grounds, announces a large list of attractions for day and evening this year. Look up the announcement in the advertising columns of this paper. The date is the 16th, Wednesday of next week.

A KING WHO LEFT HOME

set the world to talking, but Paul Mathulka of Buffalo, N. Y., says he always KEEPS AT HOME the king of all Laxatives—Dr. King's New Life Pills—and that they're a blessing to all his family. Cure constipation, headache, indigestion, dyspepsia. Only 25c at Chas. H. Howard Co.'s.

Weirs, boats and seines used in the sardine fishery were damaged to the amount of several thousand dollars by the northeast gale of Friday night, the 28th ult. Such a gale at this season was wholly unlooked for and the fishermen were totally unprepared to withstand its fury.

Maine News Notes.

Joseph Desormiers, 11 years of age, was drowned in the canal at Lewiston Wednesday while bathing.

Mrs. Smith of Cushing, 94 years old, was seen out picking blueberries one day last week, writes a correspondent.

Investigation of the recent bad railroad wreck at Grindstone on the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad seems to fix the responsibility on the conductor of the excursion train, who was attempting to make a station with insufficient time.

A unique sight was seen a few mornings ago by passengers on the morning train from Rockland, shortly after leaving Wiscasset. It was nothing less than a yoke of oxen hitched to a mowing machine. They were taking the mower around the big hay field at a steady pace, and seemed to be doing the work as well as horses.

M. Noble Preble of Richmond, while getting into his carriage Monday, was drawn between the wheels by the starting of his horse which took fright, and though Mr. Preble received no serious bodily injury, he died almost immediately, either from heart failure or from apoplexy induced by the shock. He was nearly 80 years of age.

Albert G. Kingsbury, a young man belonging in Portsmouth, N. H., was fatally shot in the head in the Maine Central Railroad yard at Portland Thursday night. He was with a gang of hoboes whom an officer was trying to clean out, and it is supposed that the shot was fired by one of his companions and was intended for the officer.

The admirable behavior of the boys who met in Augusta last week, from the various boys' camps of the state, has received much favorable comment from the residents of the capital city. "I never saw boys who were out for a good time so quiet, or so well behaved," was the comment of one lady, as she looked down upon the camps at the Driving Park.

Lawrence Paradis, aged 8, son of Paul Paradis, Jr., of Old Town, was crushed to death under the wheels of his father's lumber wagon Tuesday. Paradis and his son were driving through Orono bridge on a load of lumber when the horse shied at an automobile and the boy was thrown from his seat, falling under the wheels of the wagon and being instantly killed.

Old Orchard is coming back every day, says the Biddeford Record and quotes an Old Orchard real estate dealer, as saying that first class building lots are getting to be a scarce article. But few lots are for sale, and those that are available command a price that will astonish many. More people were at the beach than ever before, the last of July. The hotels are almost full and cottages are being taken rapidly.

The Sandy River and Rangeley Lakes Railroad (narrow gauge), comprising several branches in Franklin County, has been purchased by the Maine Central, or properly the New York, New Haven and Hartford. The narrow guage connects with the Maine Central at Farmington. It is said that this means the ultimate broadening of the gauge of the road and its extension to Megantic to connect with the Canadian Pacific.

The Eastern Maine Railroad, which was chartered by the last legislature, has filed articles of incorporation. The corporation is located at Bangor, and its directors include George W. Maxfield and Flavius O. Beal of Bangor, William H. Taylor of New York, Harlan P. Sargent of South Brewer, and Alfred G. Chambers of Haynesville. They are empowered to build a railroad from Brewer to Houlton on the east side of the Penobscot River.

Portland and Bangor have an automobile mystery, which is really an affair of two cities. An abandoned automobile was found a few days ago in one of the streets of Portland bearing a registration number, which investigation disclosed was that of Thomas Birmingham of Bangor. The Bangor officials found Mr. Birmingham's car in the garage of the Bangor Motor Co., but the number had been stolen. Neither the garage employees nor Mr. Birmingham, could offer any explanation. Meanwhile the Portland officers are wondering who owns the abandoned automobile found in that city.

One of the best known guides in Maine is Clifton McKenney of Rangeley village. He is known as a canoe guide, from his skill in handling that frail craft, and has paddled on all of the principal waters of the state. He frequently takes parties to the West Branch and Moosehead region and has guided on Rangeley waters for many years. He recently took a Boston party on a 200-mile canoe trip in Eastern Maine and can handle a canoe in almost any waters and has never met with a serious accident. He has the true woodman's ability to make his campers comfortable and can strike into the deep woods without compass and tramp for days without losing his direction.

A traveling salesman was in Foxcroft a few days ago, and seeing the bridge gone, asked how people crossed the river. He was told there was a foot bridge, and without further inquiry went where the new bridge was being built, down the ladder to a float used by the workmen, crossed that, and climbed another ladder to the earth. All this was no small task, as he carried some sample cases, and the approaches to the bridge are covered with building material. Consequently he was in a high state of indignation for a few moments, and emphatically denounced the town for its lack of enterprise, emphasizing his remarks with swear words. How he felt when told of the foot bridge, a short distance away, built for public use is not stated.

Clothing, identified as that of Alexander J. Cameron, now of New York but formerly of Augusta, was found on the bank of the Kennebec River at Augusta Tuesday, and on Wednesday the body of Mr. Cameron was discovered floating near by, clad in underclothing and shoes. It was at first supposed to be a case of accidental drowning or suicide, but there are evidences of foul play. Mr. Cameron was known to have quite an amount of money with him, but only a few cents were found in his clothing, and his watch and cuff links were gone. On the head were bruises in a number of places. Cameron was about 60 years of age. He was state binder under the Democratic state administration about thirty years ago, and much interested in the fortunes of the Democratic party of the state, with which he kept in touch, though for some years he has made his home in New York.

Pat Dunn of Brewer, a member of the 74th and 75th Legislature, tells a good story of how he found that he wasn't the only Pat Dunn engaged in legislative work. Allie Doherty, a friend of his, was in Indianapolis last spring and saw an item in the paper stating that Representative Patrick H. Dunn had introduced a bill in the Texas Legislature forbidding the wearing of hobble skirts. He clipped it out, pasted it on a card and mailed it to Brewer with a word or two of comment. When Dunn of Brewer received the card he read it and then forwarded it to the Texas man for further information. Back came a reply something like this: "I am Patrick H. Dunn of Corpus Christi, Texas, aged 56, not a politician, but a rancher. My people came from Galway, Ireland, in 1850." As the Brewer Dunn's people came from the same section of Ireland at about the same time, Representative Dunn of Brewer feels sure that he and Representative Dunn of Texas are related.

THIRTY YEARS TOGETHER.

Thirty years of association—think of it. How the merit of a good thing stands out in that time—or the worthlessness of a bad one. So there's no guesswork in this evidence of Thos. Arias, Concord, Mich., who writes: "I have used Dr. King's New Discovery for 30 years, and it's the best cough and cold cure I ever used." Once it finds entrance in a home you can't pry it out. Many families have used it forty years. It's the most infallible throat and lung medicine on earth. Unequaled for the grippe, asthma, hayfever, croup, quinsy or sore lungs. Price 50c, $1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by Chas. H. Howard Co.

NORWAY.

The Norway Opera House, which has been closed some weeks for renovating, was reopened on the 29th of July, with H. Price Webber and the Boston Comedy Company in "The Honeymoon." The company was well received, as it always is. Tuesday evening Mildred and Rouclere played a return engagement here to a good house. The opera house in its new decorations and with some new scenery added to the stage, looks fine, and would be a credit to any town.

Fire was discovered Monday morning in the cellar of George Cole's rent, occupied by the Dubee family, at the head of Main Street. Spontaneous combustion of a can of something that had been left by previous occupants of the rent was the cause. Being discovered in time it was extinguished without difficulty.

Miss Loantha York of Damariscotta Mills is visiting her aunts, Mrs. A. P. Bassett and Miss Lilla York.

Miss Florence Rideout is spending two weeks with relatives at Garland.

B. B. Bicknell of the Rumford Falls Times has been visiting his brother, W. A. Bicknell.

Mrs. Fred Moore and daughter Frances are making a visit of some weeks to Mr. Moore's parents in Gilead.

Allard & Moulton are taking their vacation, and have gone to Freedom, N. H., in their auto.

Roland Thurston, who is with Loring, Short & Harmon in Portland, is spending his vacation with his brother Herbert, and his grandmother, Mrs. Ellen Wetzler.

Two autoists have been in the Norway Municipal Court on the charge of running their autos on the Bear Pond road in Waterford, which was closed to automobiles by act of the last legislature. They were Fred Rhodes of Boston and C. G. Goodhue of Sherbrooke, P. Q. Each pleaded guilty and was fined $10 and costs of $7.67. On Wednesday there was a hearing in the court on the trespass case of Daniel Walker vs. George K. Coffin, both of Woodstock, an action brought to recover for damage to Walker's crops by Coffin's cattle. M. L. Kimball for Walker; James S. Wright for Coffin. Decision reserved.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Frost and son Arthur of Dixfield have recently visited Mrs. Frost's brother, George Kenerson.

Dr. and Mrs. H. L. Bartlett, Dr. and Mrs. F. N. Barker, Col. and Mrs. A. J. Stearns, and Mr. and Mrs. George L. Curtis went by auto to Stoneham Tuesday and returned Wednesday. They were joined by Mr. and Mrs. V. H. Littlefield of Stoneham, and the party camped on Speckled Mountain Tuesday night.

D. M. French of the H. F. Webb Co. has returned from a vacation of some weeks, during which he with Mrs. French spent two weeks in Boston, and some time visiting in Bangor, Orland, and other towns in eastern Maine.

Col. and Mrs. E. F. Smith and daughters, Elsie and Eleanor, and Mr. and Mrs. V. W. Hills made an automobile trip of several days last week to Richmond, Gardiner and Augusta.

The Waterford and Norway Cow Testing Association will hold their meeting for August with George H. Dunn at Alpine Farm, Wednesday, Aug. 9. Basket dinner. H. C. Black, state dairy instructor, and other speakers are expected to be present.

Dr. R. M. Drake, after spending a week with his family, returned Tuesday to his home in North Weymouth, Mass.

Rev. A. T. McWhorter of South Paris spoke at the Methodist church Sunday morning, his topic being the temperance and prohibition issue.

Fred Perry has returned from Boston, and is again on his rural delivery route. His son Carl accompanied him on the trip. Mrs. Perry delivered the mail during his absence.

Repairs are in progress on the Congregational church.

Mr. and Mrs. V. E. Delano of Worcester, Mass., are spending their vacation with relatives in Norway.

Mrs. Jennie Young is spending several weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Chester Gates, at Gilead.

Mrs. O. L. Stone and children have been with her father, C. F. Abbott, in Bethel, for a week.

Scott Merrill has opened an apple barrel shop on Pleasant Street.

Cyril Foster has returned home from Poland Spring, where he has been working.

For the past week the store conducted for so many years by S. B. & Z. S. Prince has been closed to take account of stock. The new proprietors, Z. L. Merchant & Co., announce that it will be reopened on Tuesday of this week. Their advertisement in this issue is of interest.

Quincy Adams Sawyer

THE GREAT RURAL PLAY COMING TO NORWAY.

The fame of the New England play, "Quincy Adams Sawyer," has spread all over the country and everywhere theatre going people are on the qui vive to see it. It is booked to play an engagement at the Norway Opera House Tuesday evening, Aug. 22d, and a crowded house will doubtless show its approval of the wholesome story of New England life. Characters that were in the book is felt in the play. All the principal among the most naturally realistic scenes ever put on the American stage. One critic said of the play: "It is as sweetly natural as the breath of the fields, the good folks who move in its scenes are real, and their honest humor and every day views of life are cheerful while throughout the clever chain of events runs the golden thread of a unique love story."

The thousands of readers of the book will be interested to know how the novel has been utilized for the stage purposes and what scenes serve as backgrounds for those honest country people to show us their simple, ordinary lives. The first act shows the interior of Benoni Hill's grocery story, including the village post office at Mason's corner where for one thing the scrimmage between Quincy Adams Sawyer and the town bully, Bob Wood, takes place. Act 2 has two scenes, the first of which represents the cross-roads between Eastborough and Mason's Corner, and the second the sitting room at the Putnam farm. The third act is the Pettengill farm yard where the famous huskingbee in the great barn is shown. The first scene of the fourth act shows the exterior of the Pettengill homestead during a rousing New England snow storm, and the second scene pictures the Pettengill's cosy living room. The play is built distinctly on comedy lines and there is almost a continuous laugh from beginning to end.

Shall Maine Go Back?

Editor Democrat:

In the Oxford Democrat of July 18, sent me by a friend, I read the address by Miss Anna A. Gordon.

Young girls with their escorts from fourteen to sixteen years of age being served with liquors in a fashionable saloon. What does this mean for manhood, womanhood, and the home? Wherever there is a saloon, anyone who has eyes open, healthy and normal, can see and read that the saloon is a breeding place of vice and crime. Its very influence is to dwarf and stultify human intellect and thought, and to blight all its high and noble aspirations.

We learn by history, that is hoary with age, that of old time people knew and talked of the fateful effects of strong drink. "It biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." "Her house is the way to hell," and "He that is deceived thereby is not wise." This means the saloon, and no forms of modern thought are more eloquent or freighted with meaning than these ancient words.

Maine for more than fifty years has been a grand name freighted with the light of the morning, a light that came to our shores with the landing of the Puritans and the Pilgrim Fathers. It is this light and this spirit that has moulded and given to New England her great men, wise and incorruptible. Now after fifty years of good work in the right direction, are the people of the state of Maine to go backward and downward, to take a lower stand on the temperance question?

S. G. PACKARD.

Elmira, N. Y., July 24.

John C. Baker, 84 years of age, committed suicide by hanging at his home in Barkerville, a suburb of Lewiston, Wednesday. He had been in poor health for some time.

ATTACK LIKE TIGERS.

In fighting to keep the blood pure the white corpuscles attack disease germs like tigers. But often germs multiply so fast the little fighters are overcome. Then see pimples, boils, eczema, saltrheum and sores multiply and strength and appetite fail. This condition demands Electric Bitters to regulate stomach, liver and kidneys and to expel poisons from the blood. "They are the best blood purifier," writes C. T. Bunchan of Tracy, Calif. "I have ever found." They make rich, red blood, strong nerves and build up your health. Try them. 50c at Chas. H. Howard Co.'s.

Reports presented at the recent annual meeting at Bar Harbor of the Maine Sea Coast Missionary Society, state that there have been a great many calls for help during the winter. The needs have been very real and, in some instances, the sufferings have been for the absolute necessities of life.

ACCUSED OF STEALING.

E. E. Chamberlain of Clinton, Me., boldly accuses Bucklen's Arnica Salve of stealing—the sting from burns or scalds—the pain from sores of all kinds—the distress from boils or piles. "It robs cuts, corns, bruises, sprains and injuries of their terror," he says, "as a healing remedy its equal don't exist." Only 25c at Chas. H. Howard Co.'s.

Born.

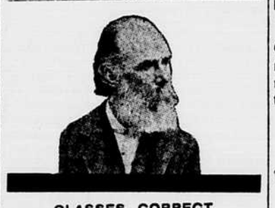
In Paris, Aug. 4, to the wife of Forrie W. Everett, a daughter.
In West Paris, July 25, to the wife of F. R. Penley, a son, Eugene Francis.
In Rumford, July 27, to the wife of Harry W. Simple, a daughter.
In Buckfield, July 29, to the wife of Dr. H. M. Heald, a daughter.
In Hebron, July 31, to the wife of Will Hylan, a son.
In Kezar Falls, July 28, to the wife of Byron Lord, a son.
In Stow, July 21, to the wife of Harold Watson, a son.
In Waterford, July 26, to the wife of Arthur R. Millett, a son.

Married.

In Bethel, Aug. 1, by Rev. C. L. Banghart, Mr. Charles R. Cole and Mrs. Cassandra Lowe, both of Bethel.
In Farmington, Aug. 2, Mr. William Roscoe Fletcher of Worcester, Mass., and Miss Edith H. Hatch of Farmington.
In Bethel, June 23, by Rev. W. C. Curtis, Mr. Ernest Scott Bennett of Wilson's Mills and Miss Vesta Cliff Barrows of Dummer, N. H.

Died.

In Buckfield, Aug. 2, Miss Catherine Mason, aged 57 years.
In North Rumford, July 28, George B. Hoyt.
In South Paris, Aug. 6, Willis S. Burbank of Livermore Falls, aged about 45 years.
In Greenwood, August 5, Martha, wife of Simeon Farr, aged 60 years, 10 months.
In Bryant's Pond, July 28, Charles R. Whitman, aged about 70 years.
In Locke's Mills, Aug. 1, Mrs. Moses Cummings.



GLASSES CORRECT

Errors of refraction and the long line of petty ailments due to eye-strain. They give you freedom from many aches and pains about the head, clear your vision, put new life and snap into your brain work—make it a pleasure instead of drudgery.

My successful record in correctly fitting glasses speaks volumes regarding my ability, and fidelity to patrons' interests. Call for examination.

S. RICHARDS,

Optometrist

SOUTH PARIS, ME.

1804——1911

Hebron Academy

Prepares thoroughly for all colleges and scientific schools.
College, Classical and English courses.
Location ideal for high mountain air, pure water and quiet environment.
A teacher for every 20 pupils.
Fall Term Opens Tuesday, Sept. 11, 1911.
Catalog on request. Address the principal, W. E. SARGENT, Litt. D., Hebron, Maine.
32-37

EXECUTOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

PURSUANT to a license from the Honorable Judge of Probate, for the County of Oxford, I shall sell at public auction, on the second day of September A.D. 1911, at one o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises, all the right, title and interest which Sarah J. Martin, late of said Oxford, deceased, had in and to the following described real estate, viz.:—the homestead of the late Sarah J. Martin, situated on Back Street, in Oxford Village.

Dated at Oxford, this 28th day of July, 1911.

FRANK P. MARTIN,
Executor of the Estate of Sarah J. Martin.

BALD AT 35.

Kill the Germs; Nourish the Hair Roots and You'll Never Grow Bald.

It's your own fault if you grow bald at 35 as thousands of men do; yes, and women are doing. If you have any dandruff there's a thousand or more germs already devouring the very life of the hair at its root.

Kill these germs with a 50 cent

Harness and Blankets

Driving Harness, $11.00 to $25.00

Stable Blankets, 65c to $2.00

Everything for Horse and Stable.

W. O. FROTHINGHAM
SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.

Cord Wood, Slab Wood, Edgings, Stove Wood and Coal.

A. W. WALKER & SON,
South Paris, Maine.

A LOW PRICE
— ON —
Wool Carpets

to close out odd patterns and clean up stock.

Chas. F. Ridlon,

Corner Main and Danforth Sts.,

NORWAY. - MAINE.

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MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, **New York**
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

Bankrupt's Petition for Discharge.

In the matter of ELMER L. ALDRICH, Bankrupt. } In Bankruptcy.

To the HON. CLARENCE HALE, Judge of the District Court of the United States for the District of Maine:

ELMER L. ALDRICH of Paris, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, in said District, respectfully represents that on the 6th day of August, 1910, he was duly adjudged bankrupt under the Acts of Congress relating to Bankruptcy; that he has duly surrendered all his property and rights of property, and has fully complied with all the requirements of said Acts and of the orders of Court touching his bankruptcy.

Wherefore he prays, That he may be decreed by the Court to have a full discharge from all debts provable against his estate under said bankruptcy Acts, except such debts as are excepted by law from such discharge.

Dated this 18th day of July, A. D. 1911.
ELMER L. ALDRICH, Bankrupt.

Order of Notice Thereon.

DISTRICT OF MAINE, ss.

On this 22d day of July, A. D. 1911, on reading the foregoing petition, it is

Ordered by the Court, that a hearing be had upon the same on the 1st day of Sept., A. D. 1911, before said Court at Portland, in said District, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon; and that notice thereof be published in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed in said District, and that all known creditors, and other persons in interest, may appear at the said time and place, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further Ordered by the Court, that the Clerk shall send by mail to all known creditors copies of said petition and this order, addressed to them at their places of residence as stated.

Witness, the HON. CLARENCE HALE, Judge of the said Court, and the seal thereof, at Portland, in said District, on the 22nd day of July, A. D. 1911.

[L. S.] JAMES E. HEWEY, Clerk.
A true copy of petition and order thereon.
Attest: JAMES E. HEWEY, Clerk.

Bankrupt's Petition for Discharge.

In the matter of JANIE C. MICHAELS, Bankrupt. } In Bankruptcy.

To the HON. CLARENCE HALE, Judge of the District Court of the United States for the District of Maine:

JANIE C. MICHAELS of Rumford, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, in said District, respectfully represents, that on the twenty-fourth day of Sept., 1910, she was duly adjudged bankrupt under the Acts of Congress relating to bankruptcy; that she has duly surrendered all her property and rights of property, and has fully complied with all the requirements of said Acts and of the orders of Court touching her bankruptcy.

Wherefore she prays, that she may be decreed by the Court to have a full discharge from all debts provable against her estate under said bankruptcy Acts, except such debts as are excepted by law from such discharge.

Dated this 18th day of July, A. D. 1911.
JANIE C. MICHAELS, Bankrupt.

ORDER OF NOTICE THEREON.

DISTRICT OF MAINE, ss.

On this 22nd day of July, A. D. 1911, on reading the foregoing petition, it is

Ordered by the Court, that a hearing be had upon the same on the 1st day of Sept., A. D. 1911, before said Court at Portland, in said District, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon; and that notice thereof be published in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed in said District, and that all known creditors, and other persons in interest, may appear at the said time and place, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further ordered by the Court, That the Clerk shall send by mail to all known creditors copies of said petition and this order, addressed to them at their places of residence as stated.

Witness the HON. CLARENCE HALE, Judge of the said Court, and the seal thereof, at Portland, in said District, on the 22nd day of July, A. D. 1911.

[L. S.] JAMES E. HEWEY, Clerk.
A true copy of petition and order thereon.
Attest:—JAMES E. HEWEY, Clerk.

WANTED.

Woman who is a good cook, for general housework, to care for us in our home. Washing done out. Good pay. Two in family.

K. N. PRINCE, Buckfield, Me.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of

ALDEN B. WASHBURN late of Waterford, in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

July 18th, 1911. EZRA LEBROKE.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of

JONATHAN S. HERRICK late of Norway, in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

July 18th, 1911. EUGENE F. SMITH.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed executor of the last will and testament of

LORENA ABBOTT late of Norway, in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

July 18th, 1911. EUGENE F. SMITH.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
for children; safe, sure. No opiates

For Sale by N. Dayton Bolster Co.

Upholstering
— AND —
Mattress Work!

H. B. Eaton,

At T. F. Hathaway's Shop,

South Paris, Maine.
19tf

Foley Kidney Pills

TONIC IN ACTION - QUICK IN RESULTS

Give prompt relief from BACKACHE, KIDNEY and BLADDER TROUBLE, RHEUMATISM, CONGESTION of the KIDNEYS, INFLAMMATION of the BLADDER and all annoying URINARY IRREGULARITIES. A positive boon to MIDDLE AGED and ELDERLY PEOPLE and for WOMEN.

HAVE HIGHEST RECOMMENDATION

S. A. Davis, 627 Washington St., Connersville, Ind., is in his 85th year. He writes us: "I have lately suffered much from my kidneys and bladder I had severe backaches and my kidney action was too frequent, causing me to lose much sleep at night, and in my bladder there was constant pain. I took Foley Kidney Pills for some time, and am now free of all trouble and again able to be up and around. Foley Kidney Pills have my highest recommendation."

A. E. SHURTLEFF & CO., - South Paris.
S. E. NEWELL & CO., - - - Paris.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS
WITH **Dr. King's New Discovery**
FOR COUGHS COLDS
PRICE 50c & $1.00. Trial Bottle Free
AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES.
GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

GERANIUMS

and other bedding Plants in Pots and Boxes. Also

Tomato Plants

at the GREENHOUSE, SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.

E. P. CROCKETT,
Proprietor.

Farms for Sale.

Easy Terms and Low Prices.

12 Acres in South Gray, near good neighbors, good water, near church and schools. On line new electric road. A great chance to keep hens and raise small fruits, 10 miles to Portland.

15 Acres in Yarmouth, on bank of Royal River, on good street just out of the village, good orchard, two good hen houses, fine shade trees, good lawn, cottage house six rooms, best of water, near steam and electric cars, schools and churches, 1 mile to the sea. A pretty place. Best of neighbors.

4 Acres just out beautiful village of Yarmouth, electric light in front of the house. Almost new buildings, best of spring water in the house, handy to everything. A fine chance for a man with a little money to keep hens and work in the mills. Will exchange for larger farms, village or city property.

F. A. KNIGHT,
Box 25,
YARMOUTHVILLE, - - MAINE.
15tf

Bankrupt's Petition for Discharge.

In the matter of FRED C. WING, Bankrupt. } *In Bankruptcy.*

To the HON. CLARENCE HALE, Judge of the District Court of the United States for the District of Maine:

FRED C. WING of Sumner, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, in said District, respectfully represents that on the 16th day of January, last past, he was duly adjudged bankrupt under the Acts of Congress relating to Bankruptcy; that he has duly surrendered all his property and rights of property, and has fully complied with all the requirements of said Acts and of the orders of Court touching his bankruptcy.

Wherefore he prays, That he may be decreed by the Court to have a full discharge from all debts provable against his estate under said bankruptcy Acts, except such debts as are excepted by law from such discharge.

Dated this 17th day of July, A. D. 1911.
FRED C. WING, Bankrupt.

ORDER OF NOTICE THEREON.

DISTRICT OF MAINE, ss.

On this 22nd day of July, A. D. 1911, on reading the foregoing petition, it is

Ordered by the Court, That a hearing be had upon the same on the 1st day of Sept., A. D. 1911, before said Court at Portland, in said District, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon; and that notice thereof be published in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper printed in said District, and that all known creditors, and other persons in interest, may appear at the said time and place, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further ordered by the Court, That the Clerk shall send by mail to all known creditors copies of said petition and this order, addressed to them at their places of residence as stated.

Witness the HON. CLARENCE HALE, Judge of the said Court, and the seal thereof, at Portland, in said District, on the 22nd day of July, A. D. 1911.

L. S.] JAMES E. HEWEY, Clerk.
A true copy of petition and order thereon.
Attest: JAMES E. HEWEY, Clerk.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
stops the cough and heals lungs

THE LAND OF PUZZLEDOM.

No. 1421.—Riddles.

I.

Acknowledged beauty though I be,
I'm held in reprobation.
My rustic namesake swears that he
Is none of my relation.
The voice and manners of a shrew
Make all admirers flee;
So I am always very blue
And often up a tree.

II.

I'm found in Rajputana land;
With rajahs I abide;
Follow the Brahmo somaj band
And lead the Jains beside.
I've been in jail, though free from crimes;
I aid in judgments knotty;
In prejudice I share at times,
But then I'm always dotty.

No. 1422.—Curtailments.

I.

A kind of musician; curtail and leave a whistle; again and leave a disease of fowls; again and leave a printer's term; again and leave a symbol of chemistry.

II.

A kind of picture; curtail and leave a cement; again and leave ended; again and leave a step; again and leave a term of fondness; again and leave a musical abbreviation.

No. 1423.—Twelve Americanisms.

"We have met the enemy and they are ours."

"Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute."

"I would rather be right than president."

Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home.

Early to bed and early to rise
Will make you healthy, wealthy and wise.

"Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

"Go west, young man."

"Don't give up the ship."

"Give me liberty or give me death."

"Taxation without representation is tyranny."

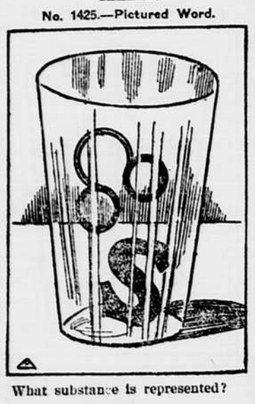
"I only regret that I have but one life to give my country."

"A government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."—Youth's Companion.

No. 1424.—Primal Acrostic.

All the words contain the same number of letters. If the words are correctly guessed and written one below another their initial letters will spell the name of an American animal now almost extinct. The crosswords are: 1. A newly married woman. 2. A dark color used by artists. 3. Congealed moisture. 4. Something from which bread is made. 5. A book in which photographs are kept. 6. An important organ of the human body. 7. A very large body of water.

No. 1425.—Pictured Word.



What substance is represented?

No. 1426.—Beheadings.

1. Doubly behead to come into view and leave a luscious fruit from a tree. 2. Doubly behead that which a musical conductor always uses and leave a weight. 3. Behead an insect that stings and leave a small Egyptian poisonous snake.

No. 1427.—Charade.

You may search me for my whole and find me when
I am thin and slight. So don't wait.
My first and my second you'll find at ten,
While my third and my fourth you ate.

No. 1428.—Hidden Word Square.

One word of the square will be found concealed in each one of the following sentences:

1. The car took a different turn.
2. Are all of you going?
3. I had an awful dream.
4. Who tamed the lion?

No. 1429.—Numerical Enigma.

My 4, 5, 6, 7 is to give up; my 1, 5, 1 is silent; my 7, 8, 1 is a boy's nickname; my 1, 2, 6, 3, 7 is damp, and my whole, which is spelled with eight letters, is an insect that is often troublesome in summer.

Key to Puzzledom.

No. 1413.—Charades: 1. Star, board—starboard. 2. Co., gent—cogent. 3. Jar, gone—jargon.

No. 1414.—Hidden Parts of the Body: Head, hand, leg, arm, cheek, finger.

No. 1415.—Charade: Bitter-sweet.

No. 1416.—Enigma: Labrador.

No. 1417.—Pictorial Code Rebus: "Growling will not make the kettle boil." Words: Bottle, owl, egg, woman, like, trinket, hill.

No. 1418.—Verbal Arithmetic: Immortality, immorality; delicately, dice, lately; knebelite, belike, ten.

No. 1419.—Word Making: Mate, master, mat, steam, stare, art, team, ream.

No. 1420.—Beheadings: O-pen, t-wig, t-rust, g-rumble.

LOSS OF TIME MEANS LOSS OF PAY.

Kidney trouble and the ills it breeds means lost time and lost pay to many a working man. M. Balent, 1214 Little Penna St., Streator, Ill., was so bad from kidney and bladder trouble that he could not work, but he says: "I took Foley Kidney Pills for only a short time and got entirely well and was soon able to go back to work, and am feeling well and healthier than before." Foley Kidney Pills are tonic in action, quick in results—a good friend to the working man or woman who suffers from kidney ills. A. E. Shurtleff Co., South Paris; S. E. Newell & Co., Paris.

Doctor—Well, I hope you profited by my advice.

Patient—Yes, doctor; but not so much as you did.

SEEMED TO GIVE HIM A NEW STOMACH.

"I suffered intensely after eating and no medicine or treatment I tried seemed to do any good," writes H. H. Youngpeters, Editor of The Sun, Lake View, Ohio. "The first few doses of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets gave me surprising relief and the second bottle seemed to give me a new stomach and perfectly good health." For sale by all dealers.

"I hear they have a family skeleton."

"Yes; she was in the surf this morning."

Do not allow your kidney and bladder trouble to develop beyond the reach of medicine. Take Foley Kidney Pills. Give quick results and stop irregularities with surprising promptness. A. E. Shurtleff Co., South Paris; S. E. Newell & Co., Paris.

HOMEMAKERS' COLUMN.

Correspondence on topics of interest to the ladies is solicited. Address: Editor HOMEMAKERS' COLUMN, Oxford Democrat, South Paris, Me.

Sweets for Children.

It is often difficult to find just the right combination of sweets to serve at a child's birthday fete, where we wish to have all the food simple and wholesome. With ordinary care in preparation, the following dainties should fill the need to our satisfaction. None of the materials is hard to procure, and the labor entailed in preparing and serving is comparatively slight.

THE BIRTHDAY CAKE.

To one and a half cups of flour take one cup of sugar, three rounded teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and a pinch of salt. Sift all these ingredients together five or six times and add the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs, with selected flavoring. Bake in an angel cake tin. It is not necessary to grease the tube. If the cake is inverted as soon as taken from the oven, as it cools, it will loosen.

Frost with stiff whipped cream or with a water icing, made by sifting one cup of powdered sugar, and adding water and flavoring slowly until it will spread. Use a pastry tube to purl the edges. Stick peppermints all over the frosting while it is soft. Place the large life candle in the centre, where the tube was removed, and surround it with as many lighted tapers as the number of years completed. Encircle the cake with some simple floral decoration, such as ferns combined with pansies, forget-me-nots, or carnations.

To serve with the birthday cake prepare a simple but delicious grape gelatine: Soak one package of gelatine in a pint of cold water for five minutes; then add three pints of hot sweetened grape juice. Stir until it is thoroughly dissolved. Pour into small individual moulds to harden, and serve ice cold, with whipped cream. Garnish with whole grapes seeded and dipped in boiling sugar syrup.

PINEAPPLE LEMONADE.

This is easily made by allowing for each person one-half cup of grated pineapple, the juice of one lemon, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one-half cup of boiling water. When cool, add a cup of cold water for each person, strain, and chill thoroughly before serving. This drink can be prepared early in the morning, and set upon ice until needed.

BROWNIE STICKS.

Make some plain pastry by any good rule; roll very thin, cut into narrow strips, and roll into straws. Bake in a moderate oven, and, when cold, coat them thickly with melted chocolate which has been slightly sweetened and flavored with vanilla.

EDIBLE FROGS.

These are easily fashioned from marshmallows by a little pinching and cutting. A little water icing is treated with harmless coloring sold under pure food guarantee. The heads and shoulders are tinted a light green, the eyes and lower parts of a much deeper tint. Keep the two shades in separate cups, and apply with separate camel's hair brushes.

CHOCOLATE EGGS.

The jellied eggs can be bought ready made for this purpose, or the ordinary sugared almonds, which are a very harmless sweet, can be dipped into the sweetened chocolate mixture used for the Brownie sticks. A little of the pale green coloring used for the frogs will transform sugared almonds into very presentable robins' eggs.

The marshmallows which enter into the composition of these recipes can be made at home if for any reason they are not easily obtained from the confectioner. Dissolve one-half cup of gelatine in ten tablespoonfuls of water. Dissolve two cups of granulated sugar in the same amount of water, and let the mixture stand over the stove until it is clear. Do not boil. Add this to the gelatine, and beat until it becomes stiff. Dust a porcelain pan with powdered sugar, and pour the mixture into it. Let it stand overnight, and then cut and roll in powdered sugar. These may be cut any size you wish—to make frogs, mice, or rolled round for eggs. The top of the birthday cake may be decorated with them.

Various Recipes.

VEGETABLE CROQUETTES.

Any left-over vegetables may be used for this purpose, and small amounts of several different vegetables may be combined. Chop the vegetables up fine, and add half a cup of thick white sauce to two cups of the chopped vegetable. Stir them together while the sauce is hot, and then spread the mixture out to dry. When it is dry cut into pieces and roll into croquettes. Dip them into fine crumbs, then beaten yolks of eggs, then again into the crumbs, and fry them in deep lard, laying them on paper to drain when taken from the lard.

ALMOND SOUP.

Chop up fine one cup of blanched almonds, and cook slowly in a quart of milk. Thicken it with one tablespoonful of butter and one of flour, blended, and season with salt. Cook the soup until creamy, and strain before serving.

FRIED CAULIFLOWER.

Boil the cauliflower until it is half done. Separate the yolks from the whites of two eggs, and mix with the yolks two tablespoonfuls of flour and a little water, and season with salt. The whites must be beaten stiff, and then added to the yolks. Break the cauliflower in pieces, and dip each piece into the egg. Then fry them in deep lard, draining them in the colander when done. Sprinkle salt over them, and serve hot.

SALMON SOUFFLE.

Mix together one tablespoonful of butter and one of flour, and put them over the fire in a saucepan; add a pint and a half of milk, and let it come to a boil. Stir in the beaten yolks of three eggs and season with salt, cayenne, and a teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar. Take from the fire, and mix in a cup of cold boiled salmon, which has been picked up fine and rubbed to a paste, with the beaten whites of the eggs. Put the souffle in a buttered tin, cover the top with grated bread crumbs and bits of butter, and bake for thirty minutes.

VEGETABLE SALAD.

This may be made of the mixture of cold boiled beets, carrots, green peas, string beans, and raw celery. Cut the carrots and beets into tiny cubes of uniform size; cut the string beans into inch lengths, and the celery into pieces of the same size. There should be a cup each of the peas, string beans, beets, and cut celery, and one-half a cup of diced carrots. Leave all these vegetables on the ice until very cold, then mix, and serve on lettuce leaves with French dressing over all.

For the French dressing mix together two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, seven tablespoonfuls of olive oil, a tiny pinch of paprika, and salt to taste. A pleasant flavor is added by rubbing the inside of the bowl in which the dressing is mixed with a clove of garlic. Beat the dressing well before pouring over the salad.

CHEESE BALLS.

Rub cream cheese to a paste with the back of a silver spoon. Chop enough parsley to make a heaping teaspoonful, and, if chives are liked, add a quarter teaspoonful of minced chives. Rub all to a smooth mass, and, with chilled and wet butter-paddles, form into balls, just as one would form butter balls. Set in the ice box to stiffen, then lay among crisp lettuce leaves, and pour a French dressing over all.

BUTTERMILK CORN BREAD.

Beat three eggs, yolks and whites separately. Sift two teacupfuls of Indian meal with a teaspoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking soda. Into the yolks of the eggs stir a pint of buttermilk, a tablespoonful of sugar, and the prepared Indian meal. Last of all fold in the whites beaten very stiff and bake in a steady oven in small pans or muffin-tins.

Use the garden hose for rinsing blankets and rugs on the line. Blankets dry without wrinkles. Rugs should first be scrubbed with ammonia and water. Use a brush for that work, then rinse.

SEEING A JOKE.

It Depends on the Brand of Humor to Which One Is Accustomed.

Foreigners, as a rule, do not understand our wit and humor. Sir Alfred Harmsworth once remarked to me, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, that American humor was coarse and sometimes brutal. Mark Twain and Finley Peter Dunne are the only American humorists who are accepted by Englishmen. On the other hand, we do not appreciate the humor of Punch, the Englishman's delight.

I have seen an Englishman laugh heartily over a joke in Punch that I couldn't see any point to until it was explained to me, and no doubt that gentleman considered me as dense as we consider them when we tell them a funny story and get a sort of pained look, rather mystifying to be sure, instead of the laugh which was expected.

It is the local application of the joke that counts the world over. The funniest thing I ever saw was the charge a yearling Hereford bull made at a barbed wire fence in the Texas Panhandle. He struck the fence full tilt, and the rebound caused him to turn a complete back somersault. He landed on his hoofs all right, and there he stood all straddled out with a look of astonishment on his face that was almost human. It was so ludicrous that I lay down in the mesquite grass and rolled over in spasms of mirth. Then he began to bawl like a whipped child, turned tail and ran as from a banshee.

I was at dinner in a Bradford club and told about it, expecting to get a laugh, but all I got was this from Hon. Smith Feather, mayor of that Yorkshire city:

"By Jove, I didn't know those wire fences were so strong. It's a jolly good thing the poor brute wasn't injured."

A Just Beast.

In the days when the late archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Frederick Temple, was master of Rugby he sentenced to expulsion a boy who was innocent of the offense charged against him, but who could not clear himself without exposing the real offender. The lad made up his mind to bear the punishment and wrote to his father saying that he was sure his family would rather have him expelled than know him to be a sneak. The father promptly sent the letter to Dr. Temple, calling attention to a postscript in which the boy said he wished the doctor to understand the matter and added, "Temple is a beast, but he is a just beast." It is on record that Temple did understand, and the boy was not expelled. Dr. Temple, grim old man that he was, was always proud of the title "a just beast."

HAY FEVER, ASTHMA AND SUMMER COLDS

Must be relieved quickly and Foley's Honey and Tar Compound will do it. E. M. Stewart, 1034 Wolfram St., Chicago, writes: "I have been greatly troubled during the hot summer months with Hay Fever and find that by using Foley's Honey and Tar Compound I get great relief." Many others who suffer similarly will be glad to benefit by Mr. Stewart's experience. A. E. Shurtleff Co., South Paris; S. E. Newell & Co., Paris.

"I suppose you find that a baby brightens up the house," said the bachelor to a friend who was showing off the first baby.

"Yes," was the semi-sad reply, "we burn twice the gas we used to!"

Cuts and bruises may be healed in about one-third the time required by the usual treatment by applying Chamberlain's Liniment. It is an antiseptic and causes such injuries to heal without maturation. This liniment also relieves soreness of the muscles and rheumatic pains. For sale by all dealers.

"I asked her to marry me and she gave me a supreme court answer."

"What kind of an answer is that?"

"Said she would give me six months to readjust myself so as to be acceptable."

MANY A SUFFERING WOMAN

Drags herself painfully through her daily tasks, suffering from backache, headache, nervousness, loss of appetite and poor sleep, not knowing her ills are due to kidney and bladder troubles. Foley Kidney Pills give quick relief from pain and misery, and a prompt return to health and strength. No woman who so suffers can afford to overlook Foley Kidney Pills. A. E. Shurtleff Co., South Paris; S. E. Newell & Co., Paris.

"Mamma, is that lady the snake charmer? Why she's as homely as a mud fence!"

"Yes, dear, but snakes are not like men. It takes something more than personal beauty to charm a snake."

Only a little cold in the head may be the beginning of an obstinate case of Nasal Catarrh. Drive out the invader with Ely's Cream Balm applied straight to the inflamed stuffed up air-passages. Price 50c. If you prefer to use an atomizer, ask for Liquid Cream Balm. It has all the good qualities of the solid form of this remedy and will rid you of catarrh or hay fever. No cocaine to breed a dreadful habit. No mercury to dry out the secretion. Price 75c., with spraying tube. All druggists, or mailed by Ely Bros., 56 Warren Street, New York.

"The King of England seems to have a worried look," said the man who was looking at the pictures.

"I don't see what he has to worry about," replied Mrs. Flimgilt's husband. "His wife doesn't play bridge."

An ordinary case of diarrhœa can, as a rule, be cured by a single dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. This remedy has no superior for bowel complaints. For sale by all dealers.

"Do you know Miss Garrelous?"

"Not to speak to."

"But I thought you had called on her."

"I did—but she did all of the talking."

More people, men and women, are suffering from kidney and bladder trouble than ever before, and each year more of them turn for quick relief and permanent benefit to Foley's Kidney Remedy, which has proven itself to be one of the most effective remedies for kidney and bladder ailments, that medical science has devised. A. E. Shurtleff Co., South Paris; S. E. Newell & Co., Paris.

"You are charged with stealing nine of Col. Henry's hens last night. Have you any witnesses? asked the justice sternly.

"Nussah!" said Brother Jones humbly. "I 'specks I'se sawtuh perculiar dat-uhway, but it ain't never been mah custom to take witnesses along when I goes out chicken stealing, suh."

A well known Des Moines woman after suffering miserably for two days from bowel complaint, was cured by one dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. For sale by all dealers.

Stranger (to Mrs. Rooney)—What beautiful children you have, ma'am!

Mrs. Hogan (from the floor above)—Phat's thot slob sellin', Mrs. Rooney?

Foley Kidney Pills will check the progress of your kidney and bladder trouble and heal by removing the cause. Try them. A. E. Shurtleff Co., South Paris; S. E. Newell & Co., Paris.

"Has she any sense of humor?"

"I don't think so. She can look at her hat without laughing."

Buy it now. Now is the time to buy a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. It is almost certain to be needed before the summer is over. This remedy has no superior. For sale by all dealers.

THE SALOON AS A SOCIAL CENTER

Alcohol, and Not Companionship Is Sought

SOME EXPERIMENTS GIVEN

The "Bishop's Beer" of Chicago Dismal Failure—But For the Anarchist, Criminal and the Gambler the Saloon Is a Sort of a Club—Poor Man Pays For Privilege

One of the favorite arguments for the saloon and one that has the most truth in it is the assertion that the saloon is the poor man's club. Many well-meaning people who are interested in social questions are honestly of the belief that the saloons are frequented as social centers and as meeting places for men who can not afford any other kind of club. Now that there is an element of sociability in the saloon no one can fairly deny, but that the first reason for the saloon is social is to say the least a debatable question. There are numerous communities that do not have this sort of a social center, in the first place, and yet sociability does not cease. In the second place, numerous attempts have been made to substitute some other social center with great success. In every large city the social settlements have supplied the need with out the accompaniment of the flowing bowl. In the third place the saloon without alcholic beverages has always been a dismal failure.

In Chicago, some years ago Bishop Fallows of the Reformed Episcopal church had international notoriety as the founder of a saloon where non-alcoholic beer was sold. This refreshment looked like beer and tasted like beer but it had no alcohol in it. It was called "The Bishop's Beer." For some weeks the saloon was crowded and the free lunch patronized liberally. But before a month had gone by all interest ceased in the experiment. To his astonishment the good Bishop learned that the reason men patronized a saloon was not because of sociability or the free lunch but because they wanted to drink alcoholic beverages for the effect of the alcohol is the one thing sought for by those who patronize a saloon. Some day social theorists will recognize this fact and much vapid talk of the saloon as a social center will cease. For a few classes of society, it may be granted that the saloon fills the place of a club. In the saloon the anarchist hatches his plots. In the saloon the criminal element meet to compare notes and make plans. In the saloon the abandoned woman is made welcome. When a crime is committed or when an anarchist plot is suspected the saloons are the first places visited by the police. There the criminal element is sure to be found and there the other "club members" may be questioned as to the whereabouts of the "wanted" criminals. It is well known to the police that the saloon is the one place of business in the civilized world where such characters are tolerated or received.

Another valued member of the saloon "club" is the gambler. Here he is sure of his social position and here he may receive such favors as are usually given to members of clubs of better repute. A saloon without the accessories of lewd women, gamblers and similar characters can hardly maintain its place as a "club." No doubt the saloon-keeper is kind to the poor man, but the poor man pays a tremendous price for the privilege of the saloon club. It would seem that any person of average experience and common sense would see through the silly idea that men frequent saloons for any other purpose primarily than that of "getting a drink."

Personal Liberty in Missouri.

It is in Missouri where they have to be "shown." Robert E. McCullough, general manager of the street railway company, is doing some showing in the matter of the safety of the public. He maintains that the St. Louisan has personal liberty to be safe on the street railway system. He also believes in the personal liberty of the employe to render honest to the company and the public. Mr. McCullough receives the following letter from the manager:

If employes of this company choose to frequent saloons, either on or off duty, or attend the races or other gambling places, rooms or resorts, they are exercising a right which can not be denied them, but they can not remain in the employ of the company. Robert McCullough, General Manager.

The Flyaway Bird.

There's a flyaway bird in Lullaby Town
Whose feathers are fine to see.
They're pink and purple and yellow and brown,
And it lives in the lollipop tree.

So close up those two little twinkling stars
And shut them up tight in your head.
Put your thoughts in your nightcap, jump on the cars
And find Lullaby Town in your bed.

All good little dollies who go to their rest
With brows free from wrinkle or frown
Catch flyaway birds from a pretty red nest
Way off in sweet Lullaby Town.

So close up those two little twinkling stars
And shut them up tight in your head.
Put your thoughts in your nightcap, jump on the cars
And find Lullaby Town in your bed.

Forgot His Own Tongue.

A traveler in arctic Siberia, Mr. Vanderlip, a gold hunter, told the following of his return to civilisation: "I found that half a dozen of the officers and men of the steamer which my employers had sent for me had come to hunt me up. The captain dismounted, and I tried to address him in Russian, but he said, 'You forget that I speak English.' Now, it may seem scarcely credible, and yet it is true, that for a few moments I was totally unable to converse with him in my native tongue. I had not used a word of it in conversation for months, and my low physical condition acting on my nerves confused my mind, and I spoke a jumble of English, Russian and Korak. It was a week before I could talk good, straight English again."

In 1910 the liquor dealers of San Francisco complained that there were three thousand "blind tigers" in that city. It will be remembered that San Francisco is the widest open town in the world and a license is easily obtained. Yet the illicit sale of liquor flourishes IN ADDITION to the regularly licensed saloons and bars. Chicago, with 7000 saloons, has in excess of 2000 "speak easies."

If you would tolerate a saloon next to your home or your place of business, you may be consistent in voting for the saloon. But if you would not, it is neither the part of a good citizen or a good neighbor to force it on any one else.

SHOES IN JAPAN.

A Man Will Wear Out From Eight to Ten Pairs a Year.

The shops and booths of Japan are of unfailing interest. Here the greengrocer and fruit seller has arranged his wares till it seems as though one looked upon a great bouquet. There the flower shop blazes in brilliance and the lantern maker squats at his multicolored task. At the next entrance we perhaps see a man severing chicken meat from the bone, and he performs the operation as skillfully as the surgeon with his dissecting knife. Beef and chicken are commonly sold in this fashion.

Two or three paces farther on one is confronted with a typical Japanese shoe store. All the footwear of the little brown man is here on view. The geta (wooden clogs) and straw sandals are indeed a fanciful exhibition. They line the benches, the floors, the shelves. They hang from above and seemingly are everywhere, allowing the seller just about enough room to squat on his mat. The newcomer is at once startled at the immense quantity of this simple footwear and the many places where it is sold, but he soon finds a solution to his query when he hears that a Japanese man annually makes away with from eight to ten pairs.—Christian Herald.

Health Insurance

is unnecessary for those who keep well all the time. The best way to keep well is by proper diet, sufficient rest, enough exercise, and above all things by keeping the bowels regular. If you are unfortunate enough to be suffering from sick headaches, disordered liver, dyspepsia, or constipation, you can get quick relief by a change of diet, by reforming your habit of hasty eating, by regulating the amount of rest or exercise, and by depending on the True L. F. Atwood's Medicine to relieve you of other disturbing symptoms. You can insure your health against sickness at little expense by systematic use of this old and reliable household remedy. It has helped thousands and is a household remedy today in hundreds of homes. Large bottle, small dose, thirty-five cents at any dealer's. Sample free for the asking. "L. F." Medicine Co., Portland, Me.

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With the Best of Plumbing Material. Also Install Gasoline Pumping Engines for Water Supply.

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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

Pulp Wood Wanted.

Delivered at any station on the Grand Trunk between Berlin and Portland. Also White Ash bolts.

J. M. DAY,
43tf Bryant's Pond, Me.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that she has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of

THOMAS N. STOWELL late of Paris, in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

KATE S. ROUNDS.
WALTER L. GRAY, Agent.
July 18th, 1911.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of

FERDINAND P. MACOMBER late of Dixfield, in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

July 18th, 1911. JOHN S. HARLOW.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of

MARIA R. BAKER late of Paris, in the County of Oxford, de